

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



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THE RETREAT TO FALMOUTH, VA.

We illustrate this week one of the darkest and yet the brightest pages in our history, for never did seldierly qualities shine through the gloom of a terrible disaster more brilliantly than on the night of Monday, the 16th December, when, disheartened and decimated by the frightful struggle of the previous Saturday, where division after division, and regiment after regiment were recklessly dashed

against the iron impregnability of the heights of Fredericksburg, our glorious, and, though baffled, still indomitable army recrossed, in darkness and storm, that ill-omened Rappahannock, and regained their old position on the north side of the river. In our last week's paper we briefly recorded those fatal assaults, the real character of which seems to have been scarcely understood even by Gen. Burnside, if we may judge by the following telegram:

HEADQUARTERS, ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, {
4 A.M.—14th December.

THE PRESIDENT—

I have just returned from the field. Our troops are all over the river and hold the first ridge outside the town and three miles below. We hope to carry the crest to-day. Our loss is heavy—say 5,000.

A. E. BURNSIDE,
Maj.-Gen. Commanding.

His next dispatch reveals the true state of the case:

HEADQUARTERS, ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, {
December 16—4 P.M.

Maj.-Gen. HALLECK, Commander-in-Chief—

The Army of the Potomac was withdrawn to this side of the Rappahannock river, because I felt fully convinced that the position in front could not be carried, and it was a military necessity either to attack the enemy or retire. A repulse would have been disastrous to us under existing circumstances.

The army was withdrawn at night without the knowledge of the enemy, and without loss, either of property or men.

AMBROSE E. BURNSIDE,
Maj.-Gen. Commanding.



"THE PONTOON BRIDGE ON THE MARCH"—THE PONTOON WAGONS ON THEIR WAY FROM AQUILA CREEK TO THE RAPPAHANNOCK.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. HENRI LOVIE.

The correspondent of the New York Times thus describes the passage of the river:

"At about half past six o'clock P.M. the movement began on the right, and almost simultaneously on the left side. Dirt was strewn across the pontoon bridges so as to deaden the sound of the artillery as it passed over. This precaution, however, was hardly necessary, as a gale of wind, blowing all night from the direction of the enemy towards our own lines, rendered it impossible for any sound to reach him from the river. Silently, but with steady tread, our infantry continued to press over the bridges, the artillery coming in between each command. A person standing at the river side would not have observed anything unusual going on. I stationed myself at the upper crossing, between the hours of four and six A.M., and watched the long, dark lines of infantry and artillery as they filed across the bridge, and along the base of the hill below the Lacey House. As each command came over, they marched to the same quarters which they had occupied before."

Our Artist's sketches illustrate this recrossing of the Rappahannock most graphically, and require no explanation. It was a most solemn sight to see this grandest of all human armies passing over in silence and veteran order the six pontoon bridges, which they had so lately trod in the full assurance they were going to an assured and crowning victory. The consciousness they had done their duty sustained them in this trying hour, and chastened the sorrow they felt for their many gallant companions who had fallen in that bootless struggle.

Barnum's American Museum.

COLORADO TROPICAL FISH swimming in the Aquarium, just obtained at a cost of over \$7,000, are a great acquisition. They are to be seen at all hours. **SPLENDID DRAMATIC PERFORMANCES** daily, at 3 and 7½ o'clock P. M.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

FRANK LESLIE.....PROPRIETOR.
H. G. SQUIER.....EDITOR.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 3, 1866.

All Communications, Books for Review, etc., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 19 City Hall Square, New York.

Orders supplied and subscriptions received for FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, also FRANK LESLIE'S PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE WAR OF 1861, by GEORGE P. BERNIS & Co., Proprietors of the London American, 100 Fleet Street, London, England. Single copies always on sale.

OUR AMERICAN PRIZE STORY.

In conformity with previous announcement we this week commence the publication, with spirited illustrations, of the first of our series of American prize stories, entitled,

PAULINE'S PASSION AND PUNISHMENT.

which has been selected from upwards of 300 different tales put in competition by American writers. The story will be concluded in our next number, when the title of the second prize tale will be announced. These stories, as well as those which will follow them, are various in character, appealing to different tastes, but all of them of high merit as well as absorbing interest, purely American and excellent in moral. They will form an interesting as well as striking feature in our paper, and the public will do itself a service by securing them from the commencement.

General Summary.

THE REPULSE AT FREDERICKSBURG.

THERE is no attempt to disguise the fact, that the National army sustained a severe repulse in its gallant assault on the strong position of the rebels at Fredericksburg. The Union loss has been variously estimated at from 8,000 to 13,000 in killed, wounded and prisoners; that of the rebels is stated by Gen. Lee at 3,500 in killed and wounded, besides about 1,000 prisoners, or 4,500 in all. The disparity in loss is unquestionably great, the enemy fighting behind formidable defences, and with the full support of his guns, while the National troops fought in a narrow space, where it was impossible to use artillery. The design of the attack was to storm the heights occupied by the rebels by a grand coup de main of infantry, and the assault was made with a vigor and persistence rarely paralleled in the history of modern warfare. The wisdom of the movement may well be questioned, but in war, as in all things else, the maxim "Nothing venture, nothing have," receives its highest verification. Our army deserved although it was unable to command success. The same valor and endurance which it exhibited before the impregnable works at Fredericksburg will secure ultimate victory.

After the failure of the attack, Gen. Burnside, convinced of the impossibility of carrying the enemy's works, made a masterly retreat across the Rappahannock, in the night, without the loss of a man, and secured the position which he had previously occupied, and from which the enemy will not undertake to dislodge him. The advance on Richmond by way of Fredericksburg has thus received a check, almost on the threshold, and there is a strong impression in the public mind that the responsibility of the delay and possible failure of the movement is due to incompetence and unfaithfulness on the part of the authorities, whose duty it was to furnish the army with supplies, pontoons and the other requisites to sustain an effective operation.

When Gen. Sumner's command, the advance corps of the army, reached Falmouth, opposite Fredericksburg, the force of the enemy occupying that town was small, and there would have been little opposition to its capture, and little obstruction to an advance in the direction of Richmond. It has been stated that the water in the Rappahannock was at that time so low that Sumner might have crossed the river at once, had he not been forbidden to do so by his superior in command. At any rate he did not cross, and we all know that a precious month was lost in opening a road for supplies by way of Aquia Creek, and in getting forward the pontoons for bridging the Rappahannock, now swollen by rains. During that month the rebel Generals concentrated their whole force at Fredericksburg, and erected there formidable works, against which our army was hurled in vain. If Gen. Burnside could have crossed the river two weeks ago, there would have been no doubt of his success. But he was delayed, as the result has shown, until it was "too late."

It is alleged, as we have already said, that he was delayed by the incapacity and inefficiency of those whose duty it was to have furnished him with the means of crossing the river and subsisting his army. If so, there is no punishment too severe to be inflicted on the delinquents, and nothing should shield them from its stern infliction. Whether high or low, in the Cabinet or out of it, they should be summarily and rigidly dealt with. The blood of our brothers, poured out unavailing before the rebel batteries, demands swift justice, and the gaping wounds of our thousands of wounded plead for exemplary punishment. Let neither position or past services stand in the way of a full investigation of this matter, and let no mantle, not even that of the President himself, shield the guilty from the reprobation of a suffering and betrayed people.

We are glad that Congress has acted promptly in this matter. The "Joint Committee on the Conduct of the War" has been "directed to inquire into the facts relative to the recent battle at Fredericksburg, Virginia, and particularly as to what officer or officers are responsible for the assault which was made upon the enemy's works, and also for the delay which occurred in preparing to meet the enemy." We shall await the report of the Committee with solicitude, and we hope it will be given without fear or favor. Meantime we shall not enter into indiscriminate censures, whether of Mr. Secretary Stanton or Gen. Halleck for not having done their share to support the movement on Fredericksburg, nor yet on Gen. Burnside for having ordered the disastrous assault of Dec. 13th. Thank God, our army is essentially intact. There are 50,000 more men confronting the rebels at Fredericksburg to-day than there was when Burnside crossed the Rappahannock. Our resources are unbroken, and our soldiers, if depressed at all, only for the moment. In old Revolutionary phrase, "Let us pick our flints and try it again." "A people that cannot brook defeat," it has been well said, "is unfit for war, and firmness under the pressure of disaster is as indispensable to a great nation as moderation in the intoxicating hour of victory."

It is stated, on the authority of the members of the Committee which visited Fredericksburg, that "Gen. Burnside assumes entire responsibility of the assault, and firmly believes that he could have carried the enemy's works on Sunday, had not a continuance of the engagement been opposed by his Council of War. He does not regard the whole affair as a serious disaster, and is firm in his convictions of a speedy success."

NATIONAL SUCCESSES IN NORTH CAROLINA.

The mortification of the disaster at Fredericksburg is somewhat mitigated by the success of Gen. Foster's advance from Newberne, on Kinston and Goldsboro, N. C. The story of his defeat, which reached us through rebel sources, proves to have been the very reverse of the fact. On the 11th of Dec., Gen. Foster captured Kinston, after defeating Gen. Evans, who commanded at Ball's Bluff. The rebels lost 250 in killed and wounded, and 900 prisoners, and the bulk of Evans's forces only escaped through the trick of sending in a flag of truce while they were rapidly stealing away. The rebels also lost 11 pieces of artillery and a large quantity of supplies. The National loss in killed and wounded was about 150 men. Among the killed was Col. Gray, of the 96th N. Y. V. It is supposed that Gen. Foster, after the capture of Kinston, advanced on Goldsboro, 26 miles distant, an important point on the great Atlantic line of railways between Richmond and Charleston. We learn from rebel sources that heavy firing was heard near Goldsboro on the 13th of

Dec., supposed to indicate an engagement at that date.

Later advices, through rebel sources, state that Gen. Foster had reached Goldsboro on the 16th, and had been repulsed. As the first news from Kinston, through the same sources, was that he had been repulsed there, we may well doubt the second story.

NEW ORLEANS.

Affairs in New Orleans, under the administration of Gen. Butler, pursue an even course. The cotton firms which signed a circular soon after the capture of the city, advising the planters and others in the country not to send in supplies, the intent being to create a disturbance through starvation, have been roundly assailed, in sums varying from \$500 to \$1,500 for the purchase of provisions for the poor. Gen. Butler has written to Gen. Beauregard, whose wife is sinking under a fatal disease at her residence in New Orleans, granting him full permission to visit her and remain with her during her last hours. The rebels have been thoroughly cleared out of the Lafourche district by Gen. Weitzel, and the people are returning to their plantations.

WESTERN VIRGINIA.

A scouting expedition, sent out from Brownstown, Va., has just returned. It made a march of 160 miles in nine days; caused Floyd to retreat with his force across the Big Sandy to Pikeville, Ky., burned the town of Logan, with the residence of Floyd, his mills and some adjoining farm buildings; destroyed an ordnance store of the rebels at Wyoming, and a commissary store on the head of Island Creek; broke up a gang of bushwhackers near Logan, and captured 50 head of cattle, 40 horses, some arms and 37 prisoners.

THE BANKS EXPEDITION.

The destination and objects of the Banks Expedition are no longer secrets. It is to have Ship Island, Mississippi Bay, as its base of operations, and Gen. Banks is to replace Gen. Butler in command at New Orleans and in the South-West. Active operations are to be conducted against Mobile, and in conjunction with the Expedition, descending the Mississippi, against Vicksburg. A powerful fleet, including some of our heaviest iron-clads, will co-operate with Gen. Banks's land forces, and will keep a close watch on the suspicious and sinister movements of the French in the Gulf of Mexico. The healthy season for operations in the South has now arrived, and rapid and heavy blows will be dealt against the rebellion in its very centre and stronghold. The troops under Gen. Banks will number about 70,000 men.

EMANCIPATION IN MISSOURI.

The first step towards carrying out the recommendations of the President for the gradual Emancipation of Slaves in the Border States, has been taken by Senator Henderson of Missouri, who has introduced a bill in Congress appropriating \$25,000,000 of 30 year six per cent. bonds, for compensating the loyal slaveholders of that State, provided the State Legislature shall enact a law manumitting all slaves on or before July 4, 1866. Should this movement succeed, there is little doubt that Maryland, Delaware, Kentucky, etc., will follow the example of Missouri.

AFFAIRS ABROAD.

The latest advices from Europe represent that the elections now going on in Greece are likely to result in the choice of Prince Alfred of England for King of that diminutive nationality—the greatness of which may be inferred from the fact that its population is less than 2,000,000, only about one-half that of the State of New York, and the total annual exports of which are less than those of the city of New York during any two days of the autumn. It is said that Russia will oppose the accession of Prince Alfred as a violation of the treaty guaranteeing the independence of Greece. We learn from France that the Emperor has entered into contracts for supplying the French army in Mexico for a period of two years. The inference is that he intends a permanent occupation of the country. He has vaingloriously named two of the new streets of Paris "Rue de Mexique" and "Rue de Puebla." A sinister announcement has appeared in the *Moniteur*, the official organ of the Emperor, to the effect that a French squadron had arrived off New Orleans, "which," it is added, "was received with great satisfaction by the population." If, however, the Emperor counts upon conquest or intervention on this Continent, his plans may soon be very much modified by the critical posture of affairs in Italy, where the Garibaldian or "On to Rome" party has compelled the King to change his Cabinet on the distinct ground of its subservience to Louis Napoleon.

leon. Besides the trouble brewing in this quarter, great distress pervades the South of France, presaging those political disturbances which in France seems always to coincide with a scarcity of food. It will be a difficult task for a Napoleon or any other ruler to suppress disaffection at home while opposing the sentiments of the Italians, fighting the Mexicans and quarrelling with the United States. "Whom the Gods would destroy they first make mad!"

The selfishness of British statesmen and of British policy has received a late and striking, although by no means novel illustration, in a letter recently published from Earl Russell, in reply to the complaints of the Chamber of Commerce of Liverpool, respecting the destruction of British property on board American vessels by the pirate steamer *Alabama*. He tells the complainants that they have no redress except through an appeal to the rebel prize courts, which is equivalent to saying they have no redress whatever, inasmuch as the rebels have no prize courts, nor would they be accessible to demands for redress even if they existed. Earl Russell's letter amounts to this: "Don't ship in American vessels," and it contains something like a chuckle over the prospect of the damage which may be inflicted on the American carrying trade by the publication of his letter and the multiplication of British pirate steamers.

SOME NOTES AND OBSERVATIONS.

A MAN in Wales, named Jones, recently determined that his family designation was so common as no longer to particularize persons bearing it, and so he took to writing his name Herbert instead of Jones. This led to much discussion, and it turns out that, according to all law and precedent in England, a man may assume what surname and as many surnames as he pleases, and that the law recognizes the new name when assumed publicly and bona fide. Also that when any person has legally assumed a name by his own act, it is compulsory on courts of law to recognize it.

There has been a great deal said about gorillas, that interesting class of rough imitations of humanity, first introduced to popular society by our countryman, Mr. du Chaillu. This gentleman, it will be remembered, professed to have penetrated to the haunts of the gorilla, and to know, from personal knowledge, whereof he wrote his book. His veracity, however, has been vehemently impeached. Mr. Winwood Reade, who has just been over the ground described by Mr. du Chaillu affirms in a published letter, that "having spent five active months in the gorilla country, I am in a position to state that Mr. du Chaillu has shot neither leopards, buffaloes nor gorillas; that the gorilla does not beat his breast like a drum; that the kulu-kamba does not utter the cry of 'kooloo,' or anything like it; that the young gorilla in captivity is not savage; and that, while Mr. du Chaillu affects to have been 'a poor fever-stricken wretch' at Omsa (June 1, 1859), he was really residing in robust health at the Gaboon."

It was charged by Gen. Pope against Gen. Porter, now on trial before a Court-Martial in Washington, that he had obeyed certain orders of his commanding General, the second battle of Bull Run would have been a decisive Union victory. Porter declined to make the advance ordered, remarking, "We cannot go any further without getting into a fight!" to which Gen. McDowell replied, "Well, that's what we came here for." Gen. McDowell testifies that if he had attempted to execute the order, even if he had been defeated, it would have required so much force from the enemy's front as to have relieved Pope, where the main attack was going on, and which would have been a decided advantage to the Union forces. McDowell, after leaving Porter, marched six miles and attacked the enemy in front, fighting an hour before the battle ended.

The destitution of the rebels is set forth with melancholy facetiousness by the editor of the *Augusta (Ga.) Sentinel*, who complains that "poor whiskey is selling at 50 cents a drink," and adds: "None but a Congressman or a Major-General can afford to get drunk at present prices. Any poor man who made himself a toper for lack of sense will have to become sober for the lack of cents."

Many curious forgotten counsels and opinions of the Revolutionary period are brought out by the circumstances and incidents of our present struggle. One of the latest is an extract from a letter of Gen. Washington to Gov. Trumbull of Conn., written in 1775, relating to disaffected and disloyal persons, from which the following is an extract:

"As it is now very apparent that we have nothing to depend upon in the present contest but our own strength, care, firmness and union, should not the same measures be adopted in your and every other Government on the continent? Would it not be prudent to seize on those Tories who have been, are, and that we know will be active against us? Why should persons who are preying upon the vitals of their country be suffered to skulk at large, whilst we know they will do us every mischief in their power? These, sir, are points I beg leave to submit to your serious consideration."

An important decision has just been rendered by Judge Ogden of the Supreme Court of New Jersey, to the effect that a parent cannot take his son, who is over 18 years old, out of the army, on the plea that he is a minor and entered the service without his consent, because the laws of the United States make the said minor a part of the militia of the country, and liable to do military service, either as a volunteer or as a conscript.

It is a rather curious fact that at this moment the little Kingdom of Bavaria harbors no less than six crowned heads—a rather considerable number for a population of little more than 4,000,000. They are—the reigning King Maximilian II., the ex-monarch Ludwig, King Otto I. of Greece, Queen Maria of Bavaria, Queen Amelia of Greece, and the consort of Francis II. of Naples.

A dangerous secret has just transpired in France. Under the system of confining prisoners under trial on secret, confession may be extorted from them by practices too nearly resembling torture. Recently Daise (of the Bonnets) was accused of killing her father. She confessed, and was found guilty with capital

unfavorable circumstances, and sentenced to imprisonment for life. A year afterwards the real murderers confessed the crime, and Rosalie was interrogated. She stated that she had been confined in a dismal hole while pregnant, that the interpreter had threatened to send her back there, that she had neither air nor bedding, and that in horror of such a fate she had allowed her guilt. Her statement was confirmed by the officers of the jail in all material circumstances, and she was released, but the incident has excited profound attention in France.

The London *Spectator*, commenting on the result of the late elections in this country, and what it calls "a Democratic victory," says that they "will produce either reunion or a continuance of the war, neither of which is the object our governing classes want." That is to say, the governing classes of England want separation and peace. Precisely!

What the Duke of Wellington said of Soult, not at all in the spirit of detraction, may apply, with little change, to most of our military leaders: "He could assemble 60,000 men at a given place, at a given hour, and when he had got them there he did not know what the deuce to do with them."

The editor of the Wisconsin *Chief* makes a pathetic and forcible appeal for larger ministerial salaries. On \$200, he says in his November issue, no ecclesiastic can be expected to keep life in himself and his horse, and "keep tavern" for a whole crowd of wandering, half-famished creatures as well. "It is a grand thing to have the spirit ministered unto, but when a man is hungry he needeth bread and butter. Grace is a great thing to have, but it needs grease in the gastrics," which looks almost like an earthly gloss on the old Wesleyan hymn—

"My soul is like a rusty lock,
O lie it with thy grace;
O rub it, rub it, rub it, Lord,
Until I see thy face."

It has become common to talk of the late elections as adverse to the Administration. It is true that the party supporting the Administration sustained losses from its previous strength; but the aggregate results of the elections were in its favor. That is to say: out of the 20 States in which elections were held during the autumn, the Administration carried 13 and the Opposition seven. In the Administration States the aggregate majorities amounted to 117,438; in the Opposition States, to 67,207—thus giving an Administration majority on the popular vote of 60,411.

Among the items of foreign news just received, is the announcement of the death of James Sheridan Knowles, the dramatist, and the well-known author of the plays of "William Tell," "The Hunchback," "The Love Chase," "The Wife," etc. He died at Torquay, Devonshire, England, November 29, aged 78 years. His life, if not eventful, was diversified. He was once in the army; next he appeared on the stage; then became an assistant in his father's Academy. After which he gave himself up to authorship, and finally became a Baptist Clergyman. Besides his plays and novels, he wrote one or two popular theological works.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—The Gov.-Gen. of Canada tried the experiment lately of inaugurating a Thanksgiving in Her Majesty's dominions. It was a failure. The matter-of-fact Canadians said the harvest was bad, and not worth returning thanks for.

Richard and Mary Alivard were executed at Belleville, C. W., on December 5th, for the murder of Wm. Monroe last May.

Squire Ben Eggleston, of Cincinnati, a venerable gentleman whose hairs are silvered with the frosts of 65 winters, has been arraigned before Justice Hampton, in South Covington, on the charge of kissing Miss Lavinia Fenton, a young and beautiful female, contrary to her wishes. The Squire was fined \$1 and costs for the offence.

A disease new to modern times, but possessing many points in common with the *melancholicus* of the ancients, has lately made its appearance in Chicago. The disease shows itself in spots not unlike those characterizing variola, but much more suddenly, and the pustules are of a dark purple color.

A negro brought into Macoupin county, Ill., by Brig.-Gen. Ellet, of the Mississippi ram fleet, was arrested recently at Bunker Hill and fined \$50, for being in the State in contravention of law.

James McCullen, the cigar-maker of Suffolk, Conn., who murdered Mr. James Drake, Oct. 26th, by shooting him with a pistol, hung himself in his cell in the jail in Hartford.

The *Post*, *Advertiser* and *Courier* (Boston) have not only increased their price one cent, but reduced their size one column.

There is a shoddy contractor's establishment in Lawrence, Mass., where the sewing girls receive 60 cents a week.

3,000 barrels of apples were shipped from Annapolis to England during the season, price \$5 per barrel.

The New York Gaslight Company has recently declared a cash and scrip dividend of 171 per cent.

The President is petitioned to make Eli Thayer Military Governor of Florida, with authority to "enlist 20,000 emigrants of a fighting breed."

The British pirate steamer *Alabama* was at Dominica on November 28th.

Gen. Wool has been relieved of the command of the Department of Maryland. Gen. Schenck is his successor.

New London is the choice of a majority of the Committee on Location of Naval Depots for a new Navy Yard.

Gov. Johnson, of Tennessee, has issued an order assessing about \$40,000 upon the wealthy rebel citizens of Nashville, for the support of the poor.

Col. Kerrigan, a M. C. from New York, was lately arrested in Washington for denouncing the President as a traitor, and creating a disturbance thereby.

There were 207,186 names enrolled for the draft in New York city, and 66,841 in Brooklyn, beside which the Commissioners added 1,144 others, making the total enrolled 275,171. In New York, 41,286 were exempted; in Brooklyn, 13,967—leaving subject to draft in New York, 165,900; in Brooklyn, 52,874. Total, 218,774.

Sorghum is now manufactured in Iowa into rum and wine.

The fashionable tailor of Trenton is named Charles Rumfit.

In the Court of General Sessions lately Judge Hoffman delivered a charge to the Grand Jury on the subject of arbitrary arrests of citizens. In concluding he said it may not be possible to prevent entirely the unlawful seizure and removal of citizens of our State, but it is possible to convict and punish those who, in this respect, shall be found guilty of a violation of our laws.

The printers have already furnished the Treasury with \$220,000,000 of demand notes, in denominations of 1, 2, 5, 10, 20, 50, 100, 500 and 1,000 dollar bills. Of the postal or fractional currency, we understand nearly four millions have been supplied. Of the notes, larger and smaller, still forthcoming from the presses of the contractors, there are 30,000,000

above one dollar to be delivered, and some 46,000,000 below that denomination; making a deficit at this moment of 76,000,000 of dollars.

The Great Eastern has been repaired and pronounced seaworthy. After all, the Narrows is a safer entrance to New York than the Sound.

The following advertisement appeared in a New York daily of the 16th Dec.:

CONFEDERATE (REBEL) MONEY.—Fac Simile Treasury Notes, so exactly like the genuine that where one will pass current the other will go equally as well. \$500 in Confederate Notes of all denominations sent by mail, postage paid, on the receipt of \$5.

Ex-Mayor Fernando Wood not having defended the cases for assault against him in 1857, arising out of the police riots, four persons got a judgment of \$4,000 each against him, in the Supreme Court, on the 15th Dec.

The Oregon *Weekly Union* has been excluded from the mails on account of its Secession proclivities.

At Chambers of the Supreme Court, before Justice Barard, Augustus L. Simms, the alleged seducer of Clementina Anderson, was admitted to bail. Simms has been indicted as accessory in the manslaughter of Miss Anderson.

The fancy fair for Trinity Church, Hoboken, came off in Odd Fellows' Hall, on the 17th Dec., with great eclat.

Richard Hargett, a colored person, received six and a quarter cents verdict from the Brooklyn City Railroad for ejecting him from the cars upon his tendering a dollar bill in payment of his fare.

24 political prisoners are still confined in Fort Delaware.

It is rumored that Assistant Secretary Usher will be appointed Minister of the Interior in the place of Caleb Smith.

A report to the Aldermen states, that within the last two weeks 16,393 families, comprising 38,479 persons, have been relieved from the Volunteers' Aid Fund.

Joel Eastman, of Conway, was nominated for Congress by the Republicans of the 1st District of New Hampshire.

The Deane bill, reported in Congress, appropriates \$110,000,000; the Pension bill, \$7,500,000.

Wesley Greene, Jeff. Davis's Peace Agent, has been arrested in Chicago for obtaining goods under false pretences.

On Tuesday, Dec. 16, the Democrats celebrated their recent triumph at Jamaica, L. I. Gov. Floyd Jones made a very energetic speech, in which he bitterly denounced the Administration.

The postage currency has been counterfeited with such great success that it is quite impossible for any expert to detect the difference.

A correspondent informs us that the *Niagara*, which nearly foundered with 700 troops of the Banks Expedition on board, was a lake boat, and had been laying up for some months at Rochester, considered unseaworthy. She was purchased by a person for \$9,000, and chartered to the Government at \$10,500 a month.

Mayor Opdyke has vetoed the municipal ordinance authorizing the issue of \$3,000,000 of small change currency.

The interest of Mr. Thurlow Weed in the Albany *Evening Journal* has been purchased by the Hon. Henry H. Van Dyck, formerly of the Albany *Atlas*, who will assume the editorship thereof in a few days. Mr. Van Dyck, we believe, now holds the highly responsible office of Bank Superintendent.

There is a little romance in the life of Mrs. G. B. McClellan not generally known. It appears that she was engaged some seven years ago to Gen. A. P. Hill, the rebel, but her father having an intense repugnance to him, refused his consent. At that time Gen. G. B. McClellan and Hill were staunch friends.

Col. Jones, formerly a lawyer of Independence, Jackson county, Mo., and lately a Colonel in the rebel service in Arkansas, surrendered himself to Col. Catherwood's cavalry, a short distance from Warrensburg, Mo., on Dec. 11. He represented himself as tired of the war, anxious to absolve himself from all connection with the rebels, and particularly disgusted with the policy and administration of such men as Gen. Hindman. Col. Catherwood sent him to Sedalia under guard as a prisoner, to go first to Jefferson City, and thence probably to St. Louis.

One of the waiters in the Phoenix Hotel at Lexington, Kentucky, describes his experience with the rebel officers who tarried there during Bragg's invasion. He says: "Eb'ry one of dem rebels made his own money, and dey was berry free wid it, cox dey know'd it didn't cox nuffin. One gentleman give me five dollars for brack'n' his boots, and I tole him he was berry kine, but if it was all de same to him, I'd radder hab a dime. He tole me den I was a d— Yankee nigger, and didn't gib me nuffin."

Southern.—The Charleston *Mercury* expresses great fears for the safety of Mobile. It says that Gen. Forney's health has been so bad, it very much fears that all the labor has been thrown away upon the defences. President Davis has gone down there from Murfreesboro to inspect the fortifications and arrange a defence against the Banks expedition.

Gov. Vance, of North Carolina, has issued a proclamation prohibiting for the space of thirty days, the transportation from the State, of the following named articles: Salt, bacon, pork, beef, corn, meal, flour, potatoes, shoes, leather, hides, cotton cloth, yarn and woollen cloth.

Consular certificates are being granted very liberally. The Charleston *Mercury* says: "How long shall we endure and allow the operation and effects of the Consular certificates, which are neutral in everything except screaming speculators, extortioners and skulks, who, after voting and exercising the rights of American citizenship, have discovered at the hour of danger that they once had other allegiance. Should not notice be given that the functions of all Consuls holding exequatur from Lincoln or any President of the United States will not be recognised by any Confederate authority? This subject demands the earliest attention of Congress, soon to reassemble."

The Richmond *Examiner* says: "The preparations of the United States to subjugate the South are now truly gigantic. In the East, West and North, on land and water, everywhere and on all sides afar, the movements of the Federal armies and fleets indicate a zeal, a hope, a fanaticism, a desperate avidity that should banish from every Southerner's mind all thoughts of any early peace, and nerve every loyal Southern hand for a battle, in which there will be no quarter. Northern Virginia is again overrun; Richmond, Petersburg, Weldon, Charleston and Mobile are once more threatened. Texas, undefended, lies helpless and bleeding in the power of the enemy. Forces are being prepared in Missouri and Kansas for the invasion of Arkansas. The communication between the West and Richmond are menaced at Chattanooga and Knoxville, and the Mississippi and tributaries are bristling with gunboats for operation as soon as the floods come."

Prices in Richmond are still advancing. Butter is \$2 per pound; turkeys from \$4 to \$10 each; ladies' gaiters \$15.

Count Mejan, French Consul at New Orleans, it appears from Mr. Seward's published diplomatic correspondence, has written very lively letters to Thouverlen in Paris, complaining bitterly of Gen. Butler.

By an arrangement entered into between Gens. Grant and Price, Iuka is to remain neutral ground for hospital purposes. Neither of the belligerents is to occupy it with troops, which will enable the citizens in and around the town to aid the medical authorities in their attendance on the sick and wounded.

The schooner *Pharos*, which sailed from New Bedford on Wednesday, on her way from Portland South, carries out materials for the reconstruction of lighthouses destroyed by the Confederate vandals. She will report to the Lighthouse Inspector at Ship Island, who will proceed to repair such lighthouses as the interests of navigation most urgently require.

The Murfreesboro, Tenn., *Banner* states that according to official returns, the number of prisoners taken by the rebels in the battle of Hartsville was 2,104, quite double the number of forces engaged under Gen. Morgan and Col. Hunt.

The railroad bridge over the Tennessee is completed, and the trains run through all the branches of the Nashville and Chattanooga road.

Col. Quaris, commanding the Tennessee brigade at Port Hudson, Louisiana, makes an appeal for clothing, which is published in the *Banner*. He says the troops are much in need of blankets, shirts, socks, shoes and overcoats, and an appeal is made to the people of Tennessee to do all they can by individual efforts to supply the deficiencies.

An editorial in the *Banner* urges the Congressional Committee to take charge of the publication of all letters of Yankee soldiers captured, to show the civilized world that they who have proved themselves brutal, lying and tyrannical, are at the same time the most sensual, beastly, illiterate people of modern times.

The Richmond *Dispatch* says Sigel has not more than 15,000 raw levies.

The *Examiner* says, summing up the recent fight: "Our right wing drove the enemy back, killing three to one, and at night we held the ground occupied by the enemy's batteries in the morning." It says Longstreet's victory was more complete; he drove the enemy into the streets of Fredericksburg, killing five to ten.

Military and Naval.—The pirate *Alabama* returned to Martinique on the 28th of November, after having eluded the San Jacinto, and cooled from an English vessel with the full connivance of the French authorities.

Gen. Bustedad has been ordered to report at Fortress Monroe for active service.

Mr. Aldrich, of Minnesota, moved in the House a resolution directing that all unit officers in the army be dismissed.

The Chicago *Tribune* says that President Lincoln has declared that this war shall be pushed with all our means, and all our strength, without finching or stopping, until this rebellion is crushed. Mr. Lincoln has replied that McClellan never could or would do it, and therefore he has sent him off, and put Gen. Burnside in his place, who he thinks will do it, if any man can. We understand the President to say at the same time that, if Burnside don't do it, and do it at once, then Burnside shall follow McClellan, and another General take his place, and there shall be no stop to this process until the right man is found.

The United States sloop-of-war *Junia* sailed from the Philadelphia Navy Yard on the 16th of December, to join one of the expeditions said to be fitting out at Fortress Monroe. From the working of the machinery of the *Junia* on her trial trip it is believed she will be one of the fastest steamers in the navy.

Brig.-Gen. Robert B. Mitchell, United States volunteers, assumed command of the post at Nashville on the 10th of December, and of the troops composing the garrison.

A number of pack mules, for service in the mountain districts, left Louisville on the 13th of December for Gen. Rosecrans.

At the Court-Martial on Gen. Buell, on the 16th of December, Gen. Stedman testified that Gen. Schooff had solemnly declared his belief that Gen. Buell was a traitor. Gen. Schooff is a member of the Court-Martial.

The loss at the battle of Prairie Grove, Ark., was 995 Union, 2,670 Confederate.

New London is the choice of the majority of the Committee on Location of Naval Depots for a new Navy Yard.

Com. Preble, who was dismissed from his command by the President for negligence in enforcing the blockade at Mobile, has had that sentence confirmed by a Commission appointed to investigate the circumstance.

Major White with 400 rebel cavalry made a raid into Poolsville, Md., on the evening of the 14th. They found there 35 men of Company L, Scott's Nine Hundred, quartered in a wooden building. After a brief but determined struggle, and when the building was on fire, Lieut. Smith and 17 men of Company L surrendered and were paroled. On our side the loss was one killed, Lieut. Stiles, and two wounded, namely: Lieut. Smith and Corporal Berry. The rebels lost two killed and 13 wounded.

An Ordnance Depot is to be established at Weehawken, near Hoboken, at an estimated cost of \$886,000.

A collection was taken up some two months since in Plymouth Church for the old members of the Brooklyn 14th regiment. The money, amounting to about \$500, is still in the hands of the treasurer, Mr. J. Mundell, he not having been able as yet to get a pass to the regiment. The old members who went out with this regiment now number but about 25 men.

As a compliment to Hawkins's Zouaves, Gen. Burnside and Mr. Stanton have allowed them to have a band at the Government expense. Hitherto the officers have paid for it.

A party of rebel cavalry, about daylight on the 19th of December, made a raid into Ocoquan, and captured a lieutenant and 30 privates of the 10th New York cavalry, together with 11 sutlers and six sutlers' wagons. Ocoquan is about midway between Alexandria and Dumfries, the scene of the last previous raid.

Personal.—Gov. Robinson, of Kentucky, left Frankfort on Saturday last, to visit Washington, for the purpose of conferring with the President regarding the condition of affairs in that State.

Hon. Alfred Ely, so long a prisoner in Richmond, is accused by the Albany *Evening Journal* of having received \$250 for procuring a commission in the navy.

Mr. Ullman, the Napoleon of Quavers, sailed in the China, to engage fresh forces for his next campaign.

Chief Clerk Hunter has sued Count Gurovski for libel.

Amzi Dodd, of Newark, and A. O. Zabriskie, Esq., of Jersey City, are urged by their respective friends for appointment to the United States District Judgeship of New Jersey, made vacant by the death of Judge Dickerson.

Rev. G. W. Wood, one of the Secretaries of the American Board of Missions, left New York on Saturday, by the steamship City of Washington, for Constantinople. In the same ship sailed Rev. Mr. Jessup and his wife, for the mission in Syria. Mr. Jessup is a son of Judge Jessup, of Pennsylvania, and a brother of H. H. Jessup, already a missionary in Syria.

Gen. Lander's widow has been appointed lady superintendent of the hospitals in the Department of the South, and will, with her mother, reside at Port Royal, S. C., in a short time.

Ex-Gov. Morehead, of Kentucky, is now in Paris, working for the Southern Confederacy.

Thomas Stewart, aged 92 years, of East Newton, Ohio, was a private in the 101st Ohio regiment, and took part in the battle of Perryville, where he was complimented for his bravery and soldierly bearing. He has four sons, two grandsons and three sons-in-law at present in the army. He was born in 1770, at Litchfield, Conn., where his father now resides, aged 102 years.

Chief-Justice Taney, now in his 86th year, is lying dangerously ill.

Gen. Banks has written a complimentary letter to Norman Ward, the inventor of steel rifled cannon, thanking him for his services in fitting out the Banks Expedition.

Obituary.—The Board of Aldermen have adopted a resolution directing the Committee on National Affairs to receive and bury the remains of Captain Hoagland (of the 12th New York volunteers), Wheeler and Dodge (of the 66th New York volunteers), who were killed at Fredericksburg.

Major Sidney Willard, of the 36th Massachusetts volunteers, was killed at Fredericksburg while gallantly leading his regiment.

Gen. Dennis Kimberley died on December 14, aged 71. He was one of the old school, a Whig in politics, and a great personal admirer of Clay. He graduated at Yale in 1812, and for many years was a prominent member of the bar. He has been Major Gen. of militia, Mayor of New Haven, Representative and State Senator, State's Attorney, and was elected to the U. S. Senate, but resigned the position before taking his seat.

Rev. James Taylor, formerly of New Bedford, died suddenly in Washington, D. C., on December 14. He was a man of great piety and learning.

Adam S. Coe, one of the most respected citizens of Newport, R. I., died suddenly, on December 12, aged 82.

Mrs. Adams, of Washington county, Pa., died December 9, of dropsy. In the last four years she had been tapped 87 times and relieved of 1,127 gallons of water.

Lieut.-Col. Curtiss, of the 4th Rhode Island, aged 26, and an officer of great promise and gallantry, was killed on the 13th of December at Fredericksburg. He was son of the late George Curtis, of the Continental Bank of New York city, and brother of G. W. Curtis, "The Howadji."

Foreign.—A revolution has occurred in Japan, resulting in the triumph of the party favorable to foreigners, and the restriction of the Tycoon's authority.

10,000 copies of Bishop Colenso's book on the Pentateuch have already been sold in England.

The Swiss Republic is about to review its Constitution, and the question of the death penalty will be a principal subject discussed.

In its last number *Punch* sums up the "mediation" affair by representing Napoleon addressing Lord Palmerston with, "I say, hadn't we better tell our friend there (pointing to America) to leave off making a fool of himself?" To which Palmerston, with his hand in his pocket, and a look which says very plainly, "You shall not cheat me," replies very coolly, "H'm, well, suppose you talk to him yourself; he's a great admirer of yours; you know."

The Emperor Napoleon has conferred upon Col. John E. Gowen, the order of "Chevalier of the Legion of Honor." After an absence of six years from Boston, Col. Gowen has fulfilled his promise to clear the harbor of Sebastopol of the obstructions occasioned by the late Crimean war, but the work not having been performed within the time specified, the Russian Government seized and confiscated all the property accumulated by him, even the smallest articles, as well as all the apparatus sent by him from the United States, the value of which would not be less \$300,000.

The Italian surgeon, Pignani, has succeeded in extracting the bullet from Garibaldi's instep.

The *Opinion Nationale*, of Paris, the organ of Prince Napoleon, in referring to the speech of Mr. Lindsay, M. P., at the banquet of the Agricultural Society of Chertsey, England, says that no Cabinet in Europe could dare to undertake the war which would follow from the recognition of the South, as advocated by that gentleman, nor could any Government propose to its people to bear the "enormous" cost of such a struggle.

The French Emperor is getting to be more and more of a devotee, greatly to the disgust of his liege lord and imperial husband. Her late demonstration in this demonstration in this direction is said to be the expression of a determination to go to Rome in the spring, to pass Passion Week.

CONGRESSIONAL.

MONDAY, Dec. 15.—SENATE.—Mr. Davis, of Kentucky, moved a vote of censure upon ex-President Buchanan for his complicity with the originators of the present rebellion—laid on the table. A resolution requesting the President to furnish the correspondence of Hon. Berkey Johnson touching his New Orleans mission was adopted. The Delaware arbitrary arrests were then taken up. Senator Davis made a very severe speech upon the conduct of the Administration.

HOUSE.—Mr. Colfax moved that the duty on paper should be reduced from 30 to 10 per cent.—referred to the Committee of Ways and Means. A resolution endorsing the President's Emancipation Proclamation was then adopted by 78 to 50.

TUESDAY, Dec. 16.—SENATE.—Proceedings unimportant.

HOUSE.—After some unimportant business, Mr. Stevens's resolution, declaring that the Union must be and remain one and indivisible for ever, and that it would be a high crime to advise or accept peace propositions on any other terms, was postponed for three weeks.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 17.—SENATE.—Mr. Saulsbury, of Delaware, introduced two resolutions of inquiry, one relative to sending soldiers into that State to be present at the polls during the November election, and the other relative to the organization of a Home Guard in the State. Both inquiries were directed to the Secretary of War. They were laid over. Another resolution, introduced by Mr. Powell, of Kentucky, inquires of the Secretary relative to the discharge of State prisoners, and whether they are required to take an oath not to prosecute those who arrested them or caused their arrest.

HOUSE.—A bill was introduced by Mr. Bingham, of Ohio, and referred to the Judiciary Committee, which provides that, before the confiscation of any rebel property, the claims of any loyal citizen or friendly foreigner against it shall be allowed. The Senate joint resolution, calling for a prompt report from the Committee on the Conduct of the War, was passed.

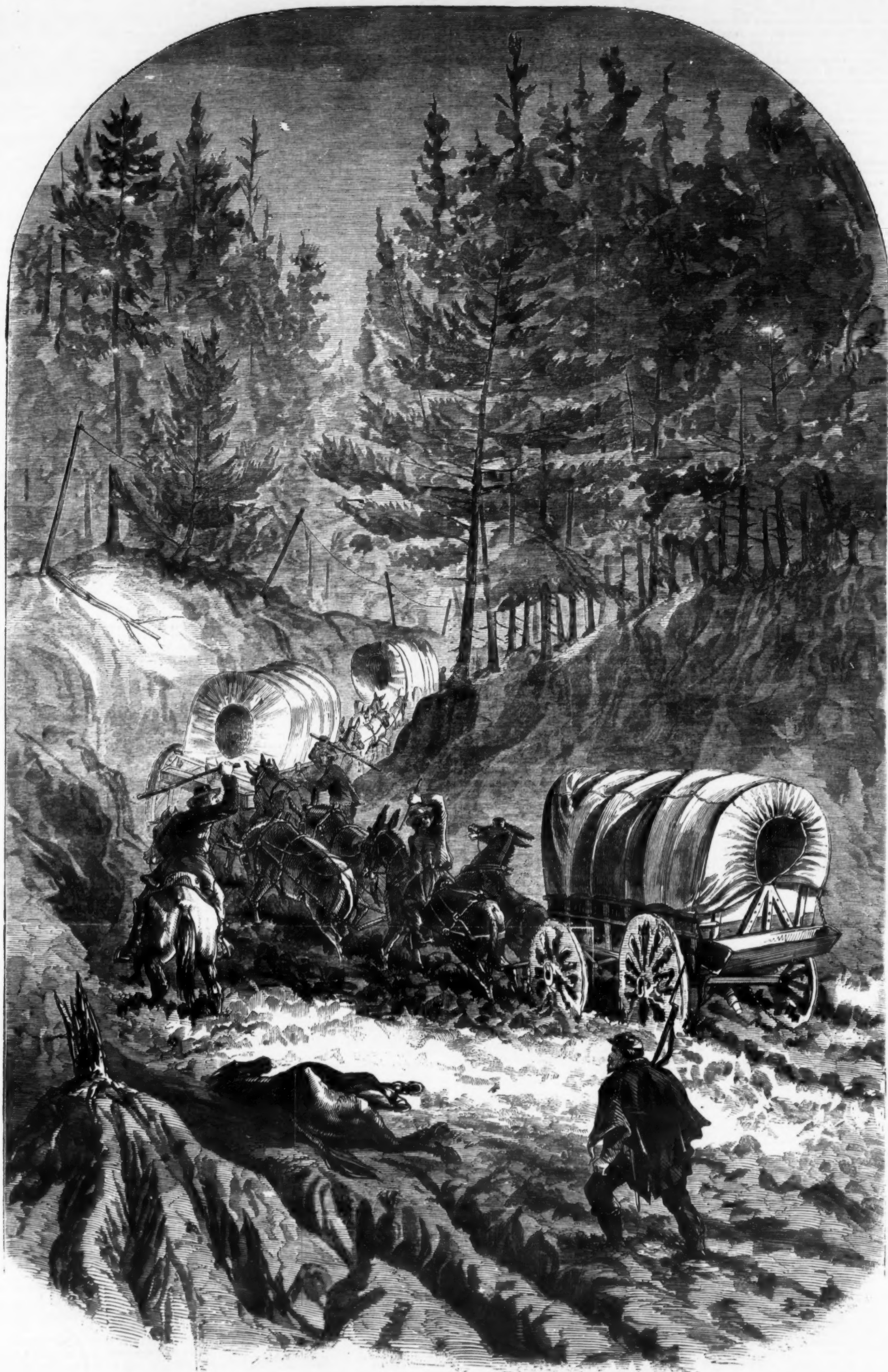
THURSDAY, Dec. 18.—SENATE.—The Committee on the Conduct of the War was ordered to inquire into the late disaster at Fredericksburg, and particularly as to what officer or officers are responsible for the assault which was made upon the enemy's works, and also for the delay which occurred in preparing to meet the enemy. The Secretary of War was also directed to explain concerning the unseaworthy transports in the Banks Expedition.

HOUSE.—The propriety of issuing letters of marque to capture the *Alabama* and other pirate ships fitting out in England was discussed. The Army Appropriation bill of \$731,000,000 was passed. A resolution was offered directing an inquiry as to whether any officials were connected, directly or indirectly, with any banking operation, etc.

FRIDAY, Dec. 19.—SENATE.—The proceedings were unimportant.

HOUSE.—The sitting was mainly taken up by Mr. Stevens, of Pennsylvania, explaining his financial proposition, already mentioned. Congress then adjourned to Monday.

The recent advance in paper and other materials have made stationary Price Packages a luxury in the camp and city. Such, however, has been the enormous success of the recent Portfolio Stationery, Pictorial and other Philadelphia, that Weir & Co. have determined not to raise the price, nor reduce the contents of their packages. Their daily sales amount to 5,000 packages. Their agents are reaping a large revenue.



AN U. S. 'BAGGAGE' TRAIN ON ITS WAY TO THE ARMY AT FALMOUTH, VA.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

TWO.

I am the footstalk, and she is the flower;
I am the lattice, and she is the vine;
My heart's a thirsty waste, hers is the shower,
Bringing refreshment and gladness to mine.

She is a sculptured dome, I the harsh granite;
She is the virgin gold, I the rough ore;
She is a perfect and beautiful planet,
I am the nebulous chaos of yore.

She is a living form, I am the marble
Which 'neath the chisel may image her charm;
My music breathes of art, hers is the warble,
Borne up to heaven in the morning's blue calm.

Her mind, a polished gem, needs no attention,
Mine is rough, shapeless, as new from the soil;

She, by a natural and easy transition,
Grows to the grace which I reach by toil.

Mine is a grace acquired, hers was born with her;

Mine is a studied charm, hers is her own;
She looks down on the world, I look up thither;

I stand with thousands, but she stands alone.

I am the canvas, whereon may be painted
Shapes of strange beauty, conceptions divine;

She is a rare picture, pure, beautiful, sainted,
Sketched by the Master to last for all time.

She is a spring, I the rock which stands by it;
She is the calm, bright sky, I am the sea,
Mirroring, ever, its starry quiet—
Tis the difference in my love and me.

PRIZE STORY.

PAULINE'S PASSION AND PUNISHMENT.

CHAPTER I.



O and fro, like a wild creature in its cage, paced that handsome woman, with bent head, locked hands and restless steps. Some mental storm, swift and sudden as a tempest of the tropics, had swept over her and left its marks behind. As

if in anger at the beauty now proved powerless, all ornaments had been flung away, yet still it shone undimmed, and filled her with a passionate regret. A jewel glittered at her feet, leaving the lace rent to shreds on the indignant bosom that had worn it; the wreaths of hair that had crowned her with a woman's most womanly adornment fell disordered upon shoulders that gleamed the fairer for the scarlet of the pomegranate flowers clinging to the bright meshes that had imprisoned them an hour ago, and over the face, once so affluent in youthful bloom, a stern pallor had fallen like a blight, for pride was slowly conquering passion, and despair had murdered hope.

Pausing in her troubled march she swept away the curtain swaying in the wind, and looked out, as if imploring help from Nature, the great mother of us all. A summer moon rode high in a cloudless heaven, and far as eye could reach stretched the green wilderness of a Cuban *cafetal*. No forest, but a tropical orchard, rich in lime, banana, plantain, palm and orange trees, under whose protective shade grew the ever-green coffee plant, whose dark red berries are the fortune of their possessor, and the luxury of one-half the world. Wide avenues diverging from the mansion, with its belt of brilliant shrubs and flowers, formed shadowy vistas, along which, on the wings of the wind, came a breath of far-off music, like a wooing voice; for the magic of night and distance lulled the cadence of a Spanish *contradanza* to a trance of sound, soft, subdued and infinitely sweet. It was a Southern scene, but not a Southern face that looked out upon it with such unerring glance; there was no Southern languor in the figure, stately and erect; no Southern swarthy on fairest cheek and arm; no Southern darkness in the shadowy gold of the neglected hair, the light frost of Northern snows

turked in the features, delicately cut, yet vividly alive, betraying a temperament, ardent, dominant and subtle—for passion burned in the deep eyes, changing their violet to black—pride sat on the forehead, with its dark brows; all a woman's sweetest spells touched the lips, whose shape was a smile, and in the spirited carriage of the head appeared the freedom of an intellect ripened under colder skies, the energy of a nature that could wring strength from suffering, and dare to act where feeble souls would only dare desire.

Standing thus, conscious only of the wound that bled in that high heart of hers, and the longing that gradually took shape and deepened to a purpose, an alien presence changed the tragic atmosphere of that still room, and woke her from her dangerous mood. A wonderfully winning guise this apparition wore, for youth, hope and love endowed it with the charm that gives beauty to the plainest, while their reign endures. A boy in any other climate, in this his nineteenth years had given him the stature of a man, and Spain, the land of romance, seemed embodied in this figure, full of the lithe slenderness of the whispering palms overhead, the warm coloring of the deep-toned flowers sleeping in the room, the native grace of the tame antelope lifting its human eyes to his as he lingered on the threshold in an attitude eager yet timid, watching that other figure as it looked into the night and found no solace there.

"Pauline!" She turned as if her thought had taken voice and answered her, regarded him a moment, as if hesitating to receive the granted wish, then beckoned with the one word—

"Come!" Instantly the fear vanished, the ardor deepened, and with an imperious "Lie down!" to his docile attendant, the young man obeyed with equal docility, looking as wistfully toward his mistress as the brute toward her master, while he waited proudly-humble for her commands.

"Manuel, why are you here?" "Forgive me! I saw Dolores bring a letter; you vanished, an hour passed, I could wait no longer, and I came."

"I am glad, I needed my one friend. Read that."

She offered a letter, and with her steady eyes upon him, her purpose strengthening as she looked—stood watching the changes of that expressive countenance. This was the letter:

"PAULINE—Six months ago I left you, promising to return and take you home my wife; I loved you, but I deceived you; for though my heart was wholly yours, my hand was not mine to give. This it was that haunted me through all that blissful summer, this that marred any happiness when you owned you loved me, and this drove me from you, hoping I could break the tie with which I had rashly bound myself. I could not, I am married, and there all ends. Hate me, forget me, solace your pride with the memory that none knew your wrong, assure your peace with the knowledge that mine is destroyed for ever, and leave my punishment to remorse and time. GILBERT."

With a gesture of wrathful contempt, Manuel flung the paper from him as he flashed a look at his companion, muttering through his teeth,

"Traitor! Shall I kill him?"

Pauline laughed low to herself, a dreary sound, but answered with a slow darkening of the face, that gave her words an ominous significance.

"Why should you? Such revenge is brief and paltry, fit only for mock tragedies or poor souls who have neither the will to devise or the will to execute a better. There are fates more terrible than death, weapons more keen than poniards, more noiseless than pistols. Women use such, and work out a subtler vengeance than men can conceive. Leave Gilbert to remorse—and me."

She paused an instant, and by some strong effort banished the black frown from her brow, quenched the baleful fire of her eyes, and left nothing visible but the pale determination that made her beautiful face more eloquent than her words.

"Manuel, in a week I leave the island."

"Alone, Pauline?"

"No; not alone."

A moment they looked into each other's eyes, each endeavoring to read the other. Manuel saw some indomitable purpose, bent on conquering all obstacles. Pauline saw doubt, desire and hope; knew that a word would bring the ally she needed; and, with a courage as native to her as her pride, resolved to utter it.

Seating herself, she beckoned her companion to assume the place beside her, but, for the first time, he hesitated, something in the unnatural calmness of her manner troubled him, for his southern temperament was alive to influences whose presence would have been unfelt by one less sensitive. He took the cushion at her feet, saying, half tenderly, half reproachfully:

"Let me keep my old place till I know in what character I am to fill the new. The man you trusted has deserted you; the boy you pitied will prove loyal. Try him, Pauline."

"I will."

And with the bitter smile unchanged upon her lips, the low voice unshaken in its tones, the deep eyes unwavering in their gaze, Pauline went on:

"You know my past, happy as a dream till eighteen, then all was swept away, home, fortune, friends, and I was left, like an unfledged bird, without even the shelter of a cage. For five years I have made my life what I could, humble, honest, but never happy, till I came here, for here I saw Gilbert. In the poor companion of your guardian's daughter he seemed to see the heiress I had been, and treated me as such. This flattered my pride and touched my heart. He was kind, I grateful; then he loved me, and God knows how utterly I loved him! A few months of happiness the purest, then he went to make home ready for me, and I believed him; for where I wholly love I wholly trust. While my own peace was undisturbed, I learned to read the language of your eyes, Manuel, to find the boy grown into the man, the friend



Manuel reads Gilbert's Letter.

warmed into a lover. Your youth had kept me blind too long; your society had grown dear to me, and I loved you like a sister for your unvarying kindness to the solitary woman who earned her bread and found it bitter. I told you my secret to prevent the utterance of your own. You remember the promise you made me then, keep it still, and bury the knowledge of my lost happiness deep in your pitying heart, as I shall in my proud one. Now the storm is over, and I am ready for my work again, but it must be a new task in a new scene. I hate this house, this room, the faces I must meet, the duties I must perform, for the memory of that traitor haunts them all. I see a future full of interest, a stage whereon I could play a stirring part, I long for it intensely, yet cannot make it mine alone. Manuel, do you love me still?"

Bending suddenly, she brushed back the dark hair that streaked his forehead, and searched the face that in an instant answered her. Like a swift rising light, the eloquent blood rushed over swarthy cheek and brow, the slumberous softness of the eyes kindled with a flash, and the lips, sensitive as any woman's, trembled yet broke into a rapturous smile, as he cried, with fervent brevity, "I would die for you!"

A look of triumph swept across her face, for with this boy, as chivalrous as ardent, she knew that words were not mere breath. Still, with her stern purpose uppermost, she changed the bitter smile into one half-timid, half-tender, as she bent still nearer,

"Manuel, in a week I leave the island. Shall I go alone?"

"No, Pauline."

He understood her now. She saw it in the sudden paleness that fell on him, heard it in the rapid beating of his heart, felt it in the strong grasp

that fastened on her hand, and knew that the first step was won. A regretful pang smote her, but the dark mood which had taken possession of her stifled the generous warnings of her better self and drove her on.

"Listen, Manuel. A strange spirit rules me to-night, but I will have no reserves from you, all shall be told; then, if you will come, be it so; if not, I shall go my way as solitary as I came. If you think that this loss has broken my heart undecieve yourself, for such as I live years in an hour and show no sign. I have shed no tears, uttered no cry, asked no comfort; yet, since I read that letter, I have suffered more than many suffer in a lifetime. I am not one to lament long over any hopeless sorrow, a single paroxysm, sharp and short, and it is over. Contempt has killed my love, I have buried it, and no power can make it live again, except as a pale ghost, that will not rest till Gilbert shall pass through an hour as bitter as the last."

Is that the task you give yourself, Pauline?" The savage element that lurks in Southern blood leaped up in the boy's heart as he listened, glittered in his eye, and involuntarily found expression in the nervous grip of the hands that folded a fairer one between them. Alas for Pauline that she had roused the sleeping devil, and was glad to see it!

"Yes, it is weak, wicked and unwomanly; yet I persist as relentlessly as any Indian on a war trail. See me as I am, not the gay girl you have known, but a revengeful woman with but one tender spot now left in her heart, the place you fill. I have been wronged, and I long to right myself at once; time is too slow; I cannot wait, for that man must be taught that two can play at the game of hearts, taught soon and sharply. I can do this, can wound as I have been wounded, can sting him with contempt, and prove that I too can forget."

"Go on, Pauline; show me how I am to help you."

"Manuel, I want fortune, rank, splendor and power; you can give me all these, and a faithful friend beside. I desire to show Gilbert the creature he deserted no longer poor, unknown, unloved, but lifted higher than himself, cherished, honored, applauded, her life one of royal pleasure, herself a happy queen. Beauty, grace and talent you tell me I possess; wealth gives them lustre, rank exalts them, power makes them irresistible. Place these worldly gifts in my hand and that hand is yours. See, I offer it."

She did so, but it was not taken. Manuel had left his seat, and now stood before her, awed by the undertone of strong emotion in her calmly spoken words, bewildered by the proposal so abruptly made, longing to ask the natural question hovering on his lips, yet too generous to utter it. Pauline read his thought, and answered it with no touch of pain or pride in the magical voice that seldom spoke in vain.

"I know your wish; it is as just as your silence is generous, and I reply to it in all sincerity. You would ask—'When I have given all that I possess, what do I receive in return?' This—a wife whose friendship is as warm as many a woman's love, a wife who will give you all the heart still left her; and cherish the hope that time may bring a har-



Interview of Pauline and Gilbert in the Ballroom.

vest of real affection to repay you for the faithfulness of years; who, though she takes the retribution of a wrong into her hands and executes it in the face of Heaven, never will forget the honorable name you give into her keeping or blench it by any act of hers. I can promise no more. Will this content you, Manuel?"

Before she ended his face was hidden in his hands, and tears streamed through them as he listened, for like a true child of the South each emotion found free vent and spent itself as swiftly as it rose. The reaction was more than he could bear, for in a moment his life was changed, months of hopeless longing were banished with a word, a blissful Yes cancelled the hard No that had been accepted as inexorable, and Happiness, lifting her full cup to his lips, bade him drink. A moment he yielded to the natural relief, then dashed his tears away and threw himself at Pauline's feet in that attitude fit only for a race as graceful as impassioned.

"Forgive me! Take all I have—fortune, name, and my poor self; use us as you will, we are proud and happy to be spent for you! No service will be too hard, no trial too long if in the end you learn to love me with one tithe of the affection I have made my life. Do you mean it? Am I to go with you? to be near you always, to call you wife, and know we are each other's until death? What have I ever done to earn a fate like this?"

Fast and fervently he spoke, and very winsome was the glad abandonment of this young lover, half boy, half man, possessing the simplicity of the one, the fervor of the other. Pauline looked and listened with a soothing sense of consolation in the knowledge that this loyal heart was all her own, a sweet foretaste of the devotion which henceforth was to shelter her from poverty, neglect and wrong, and turn life's sunniest side to one who had so long seen only its most bleak and barren. Still at her feet, his arms about her waist, his face flushed and proud, lifted to hers, Manuel saw the cold mask soften, the stern eyes melt with a sudden dew as Pauline watched him, saying,

"Dear! Manuel, love me less; I am not worth such ardent and entire faith. Pause and reflect before you take this step; I will not bind you to my fate too soon lest you repent too late. We both stand alone in the world, free to make or mar our future as we will. I have chosen my lot; recall all it may cost you to share it and be sure the price is not too high a one. Remember I am poor, you the possessor of one princely fortune, the sole heir to another."

"The knowledge of this burdened me before; now I glory in it because I have the more for you."

"Remember, I am older than yourself, and may early lose the beauty you love so well, leaving an old wife to burden your youth."

"What are a few years to me? Women like you grow lovelier with age, and you shall have a strong young husband to lean on all your life."

"Remember, I am not of your faith, and the priests will shut me out from your heaven."

"Let them prate as they will, where you go I will go; Santa Paula shall be my Madonna!"

"Remember, I am a deserted woman, and in the world we are going to my name may become the sport of that man's cruel tongue. Could you bear that patiently, and curb your fiery pride if I desired it?"

"Anything for you, Pauline!"

"One thing more. I give you my liberty; for a time give me forbearance in return, and though wed in haste woo me slowly, lest this sore heart of mine find even your light yoke heavy. Can you promise this, and wait till time has healed my wound, and taught me to be meek?"

"I swear to obey you in all things; make me what you will, for soul and body I am wholly yours henceforth."

"Faithful and true! I knew you would not fail me. Now go, Manuel; to-morrow do your part resolutely as I shall do mine, and in a week we will begin the new life together. Ours is a strange betrothal, but it shall not lack some touch of tenderness from me. Love, good-night."

Pauline bent till her bright hair mingled with the dark, kissed the boy on lips and forehead as a fond sister might have done, then put him gently from her, and like one in a blessed dream he went away to pace all night beneath her window, longing for the day.

As the echo of his steps died along the corridor, Pauline's eye fell on the paper, lying where her lover flung it. At this sight all the softness vanished, the stern woman re-appeared, and crushing it in her hand with slow significance, she said low to herself—

"This is an old, old story, but it shall have a new ending."

CHAPTER II.

"WHAT jewels will the Señora wear to-night?"

"None, Dolores; Manuel has gone for flowers—he likes them best. You may go."

"But the Señora's toilette is not finished; the sandals, the gloves, the garland yet remain."

"Leave them all; I shall not go down. I am tired of this endless folly. Give me that book and go."

The pretty creole obeyed, and careless of Dolores' work, Pauline sank into the deep chair with a listless mien, turned the pages for a little, then lost herself in thoughts that seemed to bring no rest.

Silently the young husband entered, and pausing regarded his wife with mingled pain and pleasure—pain to see her so spiritless, pleasure to see her so fair. She seemed unconscious of his presence till the fragrance of his floral burden betrayed him, and looking up to smile a welcome she met a glance that changed the sad dreamer into an excited actor, for it told her that the object of her search was found. Springing erect, she asked eagerly—

"Manuel, is he here?"

"Yes."

"Alone?"

"His wife is with him."

"Is she beautiful?"

"Pretty, petite and petulant."

"And he?"

"Unchanged; the same imposing figure and treacherous face, the same restless eye and satanic mouth. Pauline, let me insult him!"

"Not yet. Were they together?"

"Yes; he seemed anxious to leave her, but she called him back imperiously, and he came like one who dared not disobey."

"Did he see you?"

"The crowd was too dense, and I kept in the shadow."

"The wife's name?—did you learn it?"

"Barbara St. Just."

"Ah! I knew her once and will again. Manuel, am I beautiful to-night?"

"How can you be otherwise to me?"

"That is not enough; I must look my fairest to others, brilliant and blithe, a happy-hearted bride whose honeymoon is not yet over."

"For his sake, Pauline?"

"For yours. I want him to envy you your youth, your comeliness, your content; to see the man he once sneered at the husband of the woman he once loved; to recall the past and view it with an impatient regret. I know his nature, and can stir him to his heart's core with a look, revenge myself with a word, and read the secrets of his life with a skill he cannot fathom."

"And when you have done all this, shall you be happier, Pauline?"

"Infinitely; our three weeks' search is ended, and the real interest of the plot begins. I have played the lover for your sake, now play the man of the world for mine. This is the moment we have waited for; help me to make it successful. Come! crown me with your garland, give me the bracelets that were your wedding gift—none can be too brilliant for to-night. Now the gloves and fan—stay, my sandals—you shall play Dolores and tie them on."

With an air of smiling coquetry he had never seen before, Pauline stretched out a truly Spanish foot and offered him its dainty covering. Won by the animation of her manner, Manuel forgot his misgivings and played his part with boyish spirit, hovering about his stately wife as no assiduous maid had ever done; for every flower was fastened with a word sweeter than itself, the white arms kissed as the ornaments went on, and when the silken knots were deftly accomplished, the light-hearted bridegroom performed a little dance of triumph about his idol, till she arrested him, beckoning as she spoke.

"Manuel, I am waiting to assume the last best ornament you have given me, my handsome husband; then, as he came to her laughing with frank pleasure at her praise, she added, 'you, too, must look your best and bravest now, and remember you must enact the man to-night. Before Gilbert wear your stateliest aspect, your tenderest to me, your courtliest to his wife. You possess dramatic skill, use it for my sake, and come for your reward when this night's work is done.'

The great hotel was swarming with life, ablaze with light, resonant with the tread of feet, the hum of voices, the musical din of the band, and full of the sights and sounds which fill such human hives at a fashionable watering-place in the height of the season. As Manuel led his wife along the grand hall, thronged with promenaders, his quick ear caught the whispered comments of the passers-by, and the fragmentary rumors concerning themselves amused him infinitely.

"*Mon ami!* there are five bridal couples here to-night, and there is the handsomest, richest and most enchanting of them all. The groom is not yet twenty, they tell me, and the bride still younger. Behold them!"

Manuel looked down at Pauline with a mirthful glance, but she had not heard.

"See, Belle! Cubans; own half the island between them. Splendid, aren't they? Look at the diamonds on her lovely arms, and his ravishing moustache. Isn't he your ideal of Prince Djalma, in the 'Wandering Jew'?"

A pretty girl, forgetting propriety in interest, pointed as they passed. Manuel half-bowed to the audible compliment, and the blushing damsel vanished, but Pauline had not seen.

"Jack, there's the owner of the black span you fell into raptures over. My lord and lady look as highbred as their stud. We'll patronize them!"

Manuel muttered a disdainful "Impertinent!" between his teeth as he surveyed a brace of dandies with an air that augured ill for the patronage of Young America, but Pauline was unconscious of both criticism and reproof. A counter current held them stationary for a moment, and close behind them sounded a voice saying, confidentially, to some silent listener,

"The Redmonds are here to-night, and I am curious to see how he bears his disappointment. You know he married for money, and was outwitted in the bargain; for his wife's fortune not only proves to be much less than he was led to believe, but is so tied up that he is entirely dependent upon her, and the bachelor debts he sold himself to liquidate still harass him, with a wife's reproaches to augment the affliction. To be ruled by a spoiled child's whims is a fit punishment for a man whom neither pride nor principle could curb before. Let us go and look at the unfortunate."

Pauline heard now. Manuel felt her start, saw her flush and pale, then her eye lit, and the dark expression he dreaded to see settled on her face as she whispered, like a satanic snake,

"Let us also go and look at this unfortunate."

A jealous pang smote the young man's heart as he recalled the past.

"You pity him, Pauline, and pity is akin to love."

"I only pity what I respect; rest content, my husband."

Steadily her eyes met his, and the hand whose only ornament was a wedding-ring went to meet the one folded on his arm with a confiding gesture that made the action a caress.

"I will try to be, yet mine is a hard part," Manuel answered, with a sigh, then silently they both paced on.

Gilbert Redmond lounged behind his wife's chair, looking intensely bored.

"Have you had enough of this folly, Babie?"

"No; we have but just come. Let us dance."

"Too late; they have begun."

"Then go about with me. It's very tiresome sitting here."

"It is too warm to walk in all that crowd, child."

"You are so indolent! Tell me who people are as they pass; I know no one here."

"Nor I."

But his act belied the words, for as they passed his lips he rose erect, with a smothered exclamation and startled face, as if a ghost had suddenly confronted him. The throng had thinned, and as his wife followed the direction of his glance, she saw no uncanny apparition to cause such evident dismay, but a woman fair-haired, violet-eyed, blooming and serene, sweeping down the long hall with noiseless grace. An air of sumptuous life pervaded her, the shimmer of bridal snow surrounded her, bridal gifts shone on neck and arms, and bridal happiness seemed to touch her with its tender charm as she looked up at her companion, as if there were but one human being in the world to her. This companion, a man slender and tall, with a face delicately dark as a fine bronze, looked back at her with eyes as eloquent as her own, while both spoke rapidly and low in the melodious language which seems made for lover's lips.

"Gilbert, who are they?"

There was no answer, and before she could repeat the question the approaching pair paused before her, and the beautiful woman offered her hand, saying, with inquiring smiles,

"Barbara, have you forgotten your early friend, Pauline?"

Recognition came with the familiar name, and Mrs. Redmond welcomed the new comer with a delight as unrestrained as if she were still the school-girl, Babie. Then, recovering herself, she said, with a pretty attempt at dignity:

"Let me present my husband, Gilbert, come and welcome my friend, Pauline Valary."

Scarlet with shame, dumb with conflicting emotions, and utterly deserted by self-possession, Redmond stood with downcast eyes and agitated mien, suffering a year's remorse condensed into a moment. A mute gesture was all the greeting he could offer. Pauline slightly bent her haughty head, as she answered, in a voice frostily sweet:

"Your wife mistakes. Pauline Valary died three weeks ago, and Pauline Laroche rose from her ashes. Manuel, my schoolmate, Mrs. Redmond; Gilbert you already know."

With the manly presence he could easily assume and which was henceforth to be his rôle in public, Manuel bowed courteously to the lady, coldly to the gentleman, and looked only at his wife. Mrs. Redmond, though childish, was observant; she glanced from face to face, divined a mystery, and spoke out at once.

"Then you have met before? Gilbert, you have never told me this."

"It was long ago—in Cuba. I believed they had forgotten me."

"I never forget; and Pauline's eye turned on him with a look he dared not meet."

Unsilenced by her husband's frown, Mrs. Redmond, intent on pleasing herself, drew her friend to the seat beside her as she said, petulantly:

"Gilbert tells me nothing, and I am constantly discovering things which might have given me pleasure had he only chosen to be frank. I've spoken of you often, yet he never betrayed the least knowledge of you, and I take it very ill of him, because I am sure he has not forgotten you. Sit here, Pauline, and let me tease you with questions, as I used to do so long ago. You were always patient with me, and though far more beautiful, your face is still the same kind one that comforted the little child at school. Gilbert, enjoy your friend, and leave us to ourselves until the dance is over."

Pauline obeyed; but as she chatted, skillfully leading the young wife's conversation to her own affairs, she listened to the two voices behind her, watched the two figures reflected in the mirror before her, and felt a secret pride in Manuel's address, for it was evident that the former positions were renewed.

The timid boy who had feared the sarcastic tongue of his guardian's guest, and shrunk from his presence to conceal the jealousy that was his jest, now stood beside his formal rival, serene and self-possessed, by far the manliest man of the two, for no shame daunted him, no fear oppressed him, no dishonorable deed left him at the mercy of another's tongue.

Gilbert Redmond felt this keenly, and cursed the falsehood which had placed him in such an unenviable position. It was vain to assume the old superiority that was forfeited, but too much a man of the world to be long discomforted by any *contrainte* like this, he rapidly regained his habitual ease of manner, and avoiding the perilous past clung to the safer present, hoping, by some unguarded look or word, to fathom the purpose of his adversary, for such he knew the husband of Pauline must be at heart. But Manuel schooled his features, curbed his tongue, and when his hot blood tempted him to point his smooth speech with a taunt, or offer a silent insult with the eye, he remembered Pauline, looked down on the graceful head below and forgot all other passions in that of love.

"Gilbert, my shawl, the sea air chills me."

"I forgot it, Babie."

"Allow me to supply the want."

Mindful of his wife's commands, Manuel seized this opportunity to win a glance of commendation from her, and taking the downy mantle that hung upon his arm, he wrapt the frail girl in it with a care that made the act as cordial as courteous. Mrs. Redmond felt the charm of his manner with the quickness of a woman, and sent a reproachful glance at Gilbert as she said, plaintively:

"Ah! it is evident that my honeymoon is over, and the assiduous lover replaced by the negligent husband. Enjoy your midsummer-night's dream while you may, Pauline, and be ready for the awakening that must come."

"Not to her, madame, for our honeymoon shall last till the golden wedding-day comes round. Shall it not, *cariña*?"

"There is no sign of waning yet, Manuel;" and Pauline looked up into her husband's face with a genuine affection which made her own more beautiful and filled his with a visible content. Gilbert read the glance, and in that instant suffered the first pang of regret that Pauline had foretold. He spoke abruptly, longing to be away.

"Babie, we may dance now, if you will."

"I am going, but not with you—so give me my fan, and entertain Pauline till my return."

He unclosed his hand, but the delicately carved fan fell at his feet in a shower of ivory shreds—he had crushed it as he watched his first love with the bitter thought—"It might have been!"

"Forgive me, Babie, it was too frail for use; you should choose a stronger."

"I will next time, and a gentler hand to hold it. Now, M. Laroche, I am ready."

Mrs. Redmond rose in a small bustle of satisfaction; shook out her flounces, glanced at the mirror, then Manuel led her away, and the other pair were left alone. Both felt a secret agitation quicken their breath and thrill along their nerves, but the woman concealed it best. Gilbert's eye wandered restlessly to and fro, while Pauline fixed her own on his as quietly as if he were the statue in the niche behind him. For a moment he tried to seem unconscious of it, then essayed to meet and conquer it, but failed signally, and driven to his last resources by that steady gaze, resolved to speak out and have all over before his wife's return. Assuming the seat beside her, he said, impetuously,

"Pauline, take off your mask as I do mine—we are alone now, and may see each other as we are."

Leaning deep into the crimson curve of the couch, with the indolent grace habitual to her, yet in strong contrast to the vigilant gleam of her eye, she swept her hand across her face as if obeying him, yet no change followed, as she said, with a cold smile,

"It is off; what next?"

"Let me understand you. Did my letter reach your hands?"

"A week before my marriage."

He drew a long breath of relief, yet a frown gathered as he asked, like one both loth and eager to be satisfied,

"Your love died a natural death, then, and its murder does not lie at my door?"

Pointing to the shattered toy upon the ground, she only echoed his own words.

"It was too frail for use—I chose a stronger."

It wounded, as she meant it should; and the evil spirit, to whose guidance she had yielded herself, exulted to see his self-love bleed, and pride vainly struggle to conceal the stab. He caught the expression in her averted glance, bent suddenly a fixed and scrutinizing gaze upon her, asking, below his breath,

"Then why are you here to tempt me with the face that tempted me a year ago?"

"I came to see the woman to whom you sold yourself. I have seen her, and am satisfied."

Such quiet contempt iced her tones, such pitiless satisfaction shone through the long lashes that swept slowly down, after her eye had met and caused his own to fall again, that Gilbert's cheek burnt as if the words had been a blow, and mingled shame and anger trembled in his voice.

"Ah, you are quick to read our secret, for you possess the key. Have you no fear that I may read your own, and tell the world you sold your beauty for a name and fortune? Your bargain is a better one than mine, but I know you too well, though your fetters are diamonds and your master a fond boy."

She had been prepared for this, and knew she had a shield in the real regard she bore her husband, for though sisterly, it was sincere. She felt its value now, for it gave her courage to confront the spirit of retaliation she had roused, and calmness to answer the whispered taunt with an unruffled mien, as lifting her white arm she let its single decoration drop glittering to her lap.

"You see my 'fetters' are as loose as they are light, and nothing binds me but my will. Read my heart, if you can. You will find there contempt for a love so poor that it feared poverty; pity for a man who dared not face the world and conquer it, as a girl had done before him, and gratitude that I have found 'my master' in a true-hearted boy, not a false-hearted man. If I am a slave, I never know it. Can you say as much?"

Her woman's tongue avenged her, and Gilbert owned his defeat. Pain quenched the ire of his glance, remorse subdued his pride, self-condemnation compelled him to ask, imploringly,

"Pauline, when may I hope for pardon?"

"Never."

The stern utterance of the word dismayed him, and, like one shut out from hope, he rose, as if to leave her, but paused irresolutely, looked back, then sank down again, as if constrained against his will by a longing past control. If she had doubted her power this action set the doubt at rest, as the haughtiest nature she had known confessed it by a bitter-sweet complaint. Facing her wife,

fully, tenderly, Gilbert murmured, in the voice of long ago,

"Why do I stay to wound and to be wounded by the hand that once caressed me? Why do I find more pleasure in your contempt than in another woman's praise? and feel myself transported into the delights of that irrecoverable past, now grown the sweetest, saddest memory of my life? Send me away, Pauline, before the old charm asserts its power, and I forget that I am not the happy lover of a year ago."

"Leave me, then, Gilbert. Good-night."

Half unconsciously, the former softness stole into her voice as it lingered on his name. The familiar gesture accompanied the words, the old charm did assert itself, and for an instant changed the cold woman into the ardent girl again. Gilbert did not go, but with a hasty glance down the deserted hall behind him, captured and kissed the hand he had lost, passionately whispering,

"Pauline, I love you still, and that look assures me that you have forgiven, forgotten and kept a place for me in that deep heart of yours. It is too late to deny it. I have seen the tender eyes again, and the sight has made me the proudest, happiest man that walks the world to-night, slave though I am."

Over cheek and forehead rushed the treacherous blood as the violet eyes filled and fell before his own, and in the glow of mingled pain and fear that stirred her blood, Pauline, for the first time, owned the peril of the task she had set herself, saw the dangerous power she possessed, and felt the buried passion faintly moving in its grave. Indignant at her own weakness, she took refuge in the memory of her wrong, controlled the rebel color, steeled the front she showed him, and with feminine skill mutely conveyed the rebuke she would not trust herself to utter, by stripping the glove from the hand he had touched, and dropping it disdainfully as if unworthy of its place. Gilbert had not looked for such an answer, and while it baffled him it excited his man's spirit to rebel against her silent denial. With a bitter laugh he snatched up the glove.

"I read a defiance in your eye as you flung this down. I accept the challenge, and will keep guage until I prove myself the victor. I have asked for pardon, you refuse it. I have confessed my love; you scorn it. I have possessed myself of your secret, yet you deny it. Now we will try our strength together, and leave those children to their play."

"We are the children, and we play with edge tools; there has been enough of this, there must be no more." Pauline rose with her haughtiest mien, and the brief command, "Take me to Manuel."

Silently Gilbert offered his arm, and silently she rejected it.

"Will you accept nothing from me?"

"Nothing."

Side by side they passed through the returning throng, till Mrs. Redmond joined them, looking blithe and bland with the exhilaration of gallantry and motion. Manuel's first glance was at Pauline, his second at her companion; there was a shadow upon the face of each, which seemed instantly to fall upon his own as he claimed his wife with a masterful satisfaction as novel as becoming, and which prompted her to whisper—

"You enact your rôle to the life, and shall enjoy a foretaste of your reward at once. I want excitement; let us show these graceless, frozen people the true art of dancing, and electrify them with the life and fire of a Cuban waltz."

Manuel kindled at once, and Pauline smiled stealthily as she glanced over her shoulder from the threshold of the dancing hall, for her slightest act, look and word had their part to play in that night's drama.

"Gilbert, if you are tired I will go now."

"Thank you, I begin to find it interesting. Let us watch the dancers."

Mrs. Redmond accepted the tardy favor, wondering at his unwonted animation, for never had she seen such eagerness in his countenance, such energy in his manner as he pressed through the crowd and won a place where they could freely witness one of those exhibitions of fashionable figure which are nightly to be seen at such resorts. Many couples were whirling round the white hall, but among them one pair circled with slowly increasing speed, in perfect time to the inspiring melody of trumpet, flute and horn, that seemed to sound for them alone. Many paused to watch them, for they gave to the graceful pastime the enchantment which few have skill enough to lend it, and made it a spectacle of life-enjoying youth, to be remembered long after the music ceased and the agile feet were still.

Gilbert's arm was about his little wife to shield her from the pressure of the crowd, and as they stood his hold unconsciously tightened, till marveling at this unwonted care, she looked up to thank him with a happy glance, and discovered that his eye rested on a single pair, kindling as they approached, keenly scanning every gesture as they floated by, following them with untiring vigilance through the many-colored mazes they threaded with such winged steps, while his breath quickened, his hand kept time, and every sense seemed to own the intoxication of the scene. Sorrowfully she, too, watched this pair, saw their grace, admired their beauty, envied their happiness; for, short as her wedded life had been, the thorns already pierced her through the roses, and with each airy revolution of those figures, dark and bright, her discontent increased, her wonder deepened, her scrutiny grew keener, for she knew no common interest held her husband there, fascinated, flushed and excited as if his heart beat responsive to the rhythmic rise and fall of that booted foot and satin slipper. The music ended with a crash, the crowd surged across the floor and the spell was broken. Like one but half disenchanted, Gilbert stood a moment, then remembered his wife, and looking down met brown eyes, full of tears, fastened on his face.

"Tired so soon, Babie? or in a pet because I cannot change myself into a thistle-down, and float about with you, like Manuel and Pauline?"

"Neither; I was only wishing that you loved me as he loves her, and hoping he would never tire of her, they are so fond and charming now. How long have you known them—and where?"

"I shall have no peace until I tell you. I passed a single summer with them in a tropical paradise, where we swung half the day in hammocks, under tamarind and almond trees; danced half the night to music, of which this seems but a faint echo, and led a life of luxurious delight in an enchanted climate, where all is so beautiful and brilliant that its memory haunts a life as pressed flowers sweeten the leaves of a dull book."

"Why did you leave it then?"

"To marry you, child."

"That was a regretful sigh, as if I were not worth the sacrifice. Let us go back and enjoy it together."

"If you were dying for it, I would not take you to Cuba. It would be purgatory not paradise now."

"How stern you look, how strangely you speak. Would you not go to save your own life, Gilbert?"

"I would not cross the room to do that much, less the sea."

"Why do you both love and dread it? Don't frown, but tell me; I have a right to know."

"Because the bitterest blunder of my life was committed there—a blunder that I never can repair in this world, and may be damned for in the next. Rest satisfied with this, Babie, lest you prove like Bluebeard's wife, and make another skeleton in my closet, which has enough already."

Strange regret was in his voice, strange gloom fell upon his face; but though rendered doubly curious by the change, Mrs. Redmond dared not question farther, and standing silent furtively scanned the troubled countenance beside her. Gilbert spoke first, waking out of his sorrowful reverie with a start.

"Pauline is coming; say adieu, not *au revoir*, for to-morrow we must leave this place."

His words were a command, his aspect one of stern resolve, though the intensest longing mingled with the dark look he cast on the approaching pair. The tone, the glance displeased his wilful wife, who loved to use her power and exact obedience where she had failed to win affection, often ruling imperiously when a tender word would have made her happy to submit.

"Gilbert, you take no thought for my pleasures though you pursue your own at my expense. Your neglect forces me to find solace and satisfaction where I can, and you have forfeited your right to command or complain. I love Pauline, I am happy with her, therefore I shall stay until we tire of one another. I am a burden to you; go if you will."

"You know I cannot without you, Babie. I ask it as a favor, for my sake, for your own, I implore you to come away."

"Gilbert, do you love her?"

She seized his arm and forced an answer by the energy of her sharply whispered question. He saw that it was vain to dissemble, yet replied with averted head,

"I did, and still remember it."

"And she? Did she return your love?"

"I believed so; but she forgot me when I went; she married Manuel, and is happy. Babie, let me go!"

"No! you shall stay and feel a little of the pain I feel when I look into your heart and find I have no place there. It is this which has stood between us and made all my efforts vain. I see it now and despise you for the falsehood you have shown me, vowing you loved no one but me until I married you, then letting me so soon discover that I was only an encumbrance to your enjoyment of the fortune I possessed. You treat me like a child, but I suffer like a woman, and you shall share my suffering, because you might have spared me, and you did not. Gilbert, you shall stay."

"Be it so, but remember I have warned you."

An exultant expression broke through the gloom of her husband's face as he answered with the grim satisfaction of one who gave restraint to the mind, and stood ready to follow whatever impulse should sway him next. His wife trembled inwardly at what she had done, but was too proud to recal her words, and felt a certain bitter pleasure in the excitement of the new position she had taken, the new interest given to her listless life.

Pauline and Manuel found them standing silently together, for a moment had done the work of years, and raised a barrier between them never to be swept away.

Mrs. Redmond spoke first, and with an air half resentful, half triumphant:

"Pauline, this morose husband of mine says we must leave to-morrow; but in some things I rule; this is one of them, therefore we remain and go with you to the mountains when we are tired of the gay life here; so smile and submit, Gilbert, else these friends will count your society no favor. Would you not fancy from the aspect he thinks proper to assume, that I had sentenced him to a punishment, not a pleasure?"

"Perhaps you have unwittingly, Babie. Marriage is said to cancel the follies of the past, but not those of the future, I believe; and, as there are many temptations to an idle man in a place like this, doubtless your husband is wise enough to own that he dares not stay, but finds discretion the better part of valor."

Nothing could be softer than the tone in which these words were uttered, nothing sharper than the hidden taunt conveyed, but Gilbert only laughed a scornful laugh as he fixed his keen eyes full upon her, and took her bouquet with the air of one assuming former rights.

"My dear Pauline, discretion is the last virtue I should expect to be accused of by you; but if valor consists in daring all things, I may lay claim

to it without its 'better part,' for temptation is my delight, the stronger the better. Have no fears for me, my friend; I gladly accept Babie's decree, and, ignoring the last ten years, intend to begin life anew, having discovered a *sauce piquante* which will give the stalest pleasures a redoubled zest. I am unfortunate to-night, and here is a second wreck; this I can rebuild happily; allow me to do so, for I remember you once praised my skill in floral architecture."

With an air of eager gallantry in strange contrast to the malign expression of his countenance, Gilbert knelt to regather the flowers which a careless gesture of his own had scattered from their jewelled holder. His wife turned to speak to Manuel, and, yielding to the unconquerable anxiety his reckless manner awoke, Pauline whispered below her breath as she bent as if to watch the work:

"Gilbert, follow your first impulse, and go to-morrow."

"Nothing shall induce me to."

"I warn you harm will come of it."

"Let it come; I am past fear now."

"Shun me for Babie's sake, if not for your own."

"Too late for that; she is headstrong—let her suffer."

"Have you no power, Gilbert?"

"None over her, much over you."

"We will prove that!"

"We will!"

Rapidly as words could shape them, these questions and answers fell, and with their utterance the last generous feeling died in Pauline's breast, for as she received the flowers, now changed from a love token to a battle gage, she saw the torn glove still crushed in Gilbert's hand, and silently accepted his challenge to the tournament so often held between man and woman—a tournament where the keen tongue is the lance, the pride the shield, the passion the fiery steed, and the hardest heart the winner of the prize, which seldom fails to prove a barren honor, ending in remorse.

(To be concluded in our next.)

WALKS AND TALKS.

WE have just been thinking, while overhauling the letters sent us through the past week, of writing an essay on idiosyncrasies. Somebody once said that every person was insane, the only point to be attained to become convinced of the fact, was to sound them until you could find out the especial hobby upon which their insanity ran. We have a friend who is a sound man, thorough in business and social intercourse. He is perfectly sane upon every point, except that of fresh salmon and green peas! These two fruits he never eats, he detests them, he abhors them, they are the very bane of his life. During the season that they are supposed to exist, he is miserable lest he should be asked to dine where they are served, and during that part of the year when they are not to be had, he is incomparably wretched for fear he will be obliged to meet them at some coming time.

"What do you mean, sir?" he blurted out to a friend who had asked him to a bite, and without knowing his insanity, served up the condiments as an especial treat.

"What do you mean, sir? Is this a planned insult? I'll never enter your house again!" and he did not.

Our friend, the editor, who has entered this moment, declares the theory right, and says further, that in no profession is there so great a show of these idiosyncrasies or insanities of the people as in his own.

"Why, Mr. Observer, there is not a day goes over my head that I do not have at least a dozen instances, either personal or by letter, of the insanity of mankind, and of womankind, on the subject of literature. Why, sir, they think they can write, and nothing that can be said or printed, will get the delusion out of the brain."

We knew it for a fact, but still we thought it no harm to draw Mr. Editor out, and accordingly we rolled up our eyes in a look of astonished inquiry.

"It's a fact, sir! Theodore Hook once said that every man, let him be ever so deficient in his profession or trade, or ever so stupid in his general intellect, still believed himself capable himself of editing a newspaper, managing a theatre, or driving a gig."

We smiled blandly at the anecdote, and nodded approvingly, for there is no knowing how soon we may be induced to submit a poem for his inspection, and it can do no harm in that case to be on the right side of the editor.

"Look at this, sir!" at the same time pulling a bundle of manuscripts from his pocket in size—almost—to a hoghead. "There are the receipts of a day. Thirty-two stories, one hundred and thirteen and a half poems, and sixty-two fugitive articles, every one of which has a letter accompanying it, declaring the MSS. to be first-rate, 'so pronounced by friends,' and ending off by asking an immediate answer, stating what remuneration they may expect."

"Can it be possible," we queried, "that literary aspirants ask, upon their first offering, for payment?"

"Ask for payment!" echoed the editor. "By George! sir, I never knew a case where they didn't. Why, Mr. Observer, I was weak enough a few days ago to offer a prize that would assist to bring out the literary talent of the country in the shape of a story. I've no cause to complain that my offering has not elicited talent; but, sir, it has at the same time brought forth bushels of inanities, the worst of which are those who write the letters asking information on the very points I have already clearly stated in print, and others asking questions as absurd as they are troublesome. Read that, sir, as a specimen:

"London, N. H., Nov. 27, 1862.

"Dear Sir—I think of trying for \$1,000 prize. Will you give me any directions (if needed) as to the manner of writing, on every page, or alternate pages, the size and quality of paper, &c.

"Yours respectfully,

"M. E. B."

"That person, sir, has undoubtedly heard of the rise in paper, and intends, if possible, to save on the cost of his manufacture by doing it up on the cheap article. I shall certainly write to him that the MSS. must be on gilt-edged satin, embossed with a resy posy in the corner, and scented with Jockey Club, or I will never allow it to come into the sanctum,

Another forwards forty sap sheets, entitled, 'The Red-Legged Pirate of the Southern Seas.' Let me read you an extract, Mr. Observer."

We bent ourselves to a listening attitude:

"They stude a loan. The maiden was covered with a nample cloak."

"The young sailor stude by her."

"Do you love blud?" said the maiden."

"Try me!" said the sailor."

"The maiden grasped the hand of the sailor in her own soft hand."

"'Caun you be trew?"

"As steel," answered the sailor."

"Then let all concealment between us end," said the maiden."

"And suiting the action to the word, she cast off her disguise, and stowed before the young sailor, who quickly discovered her to be Santa Anna, the President of Mexico."

"Isn't that brilliant, sir? And, would you believe it, Mr. Observer, that the writer of this precious stuff, while leaving it to our generosity as to the amount, makes it a foregone conclusion that it is accepted, and issues orders as to how the money is to be sent, and, horror of horrors, promises to send another as soon as this is paid for."

I had been for some moments rummaging in my desk for a letter which I had but a short time since received from one whose name is a household word with the people and whose writings are known from Maine to Louisiana—and farther. I read an extract:

"Another drawback to his peace of mind, with which the editor of a first-class paper has to contend, is the horde of would-be writers, who absolutely run him down with manuscripts. These amateurs are allured with the idea of becoming authors, and of making the pen a means of subsistence. They know as little of the life they are rushing into as does the heedless girl when she makes her first step from virtue. If they should be sufficiently successful to pass the ordeal of the first literary tribunals and find their poems, stories or articles accepted and published, and should they be reasonably industrious after this in turning out such ware, they will find themselves in possession of an income that will allow them to rival a shoemaker or a tailor, in living, and of a reputation that compels every business man to regard them with the eyes of suspicion. He who once takes up the pen to paint his thoughts or compilings must as certainly stick by it as he who has taken up the sock and buskin. From that moment he is a Pariah. He can make ideas for men, but he must not expect their sympathies or socialities. He has but one chance, which is to seek the editorial chair and let his pen be felt in a practical way. It is this fact which drives all the great literary talent of this country into journalism. On the other hand, if a man who has taken up the pen for a living attempts to support himself through legitimate literary efforts, his life is a continued struggle against poverty. I have seen one who has written poems that have been world-wide known, wandering through the streets, glad to borrow a quarter with which to appease hunger. I have seen one of the most charming story-writers of the time obliged to get up blood-and-thunder novels at \$3 per year, and die, leaving a wife and children to starve or do something worse. There are but few prizes in the Cobb style of literature, for which, heaven be praised, as it leads me to believe that the diseased taste is dying out."

"True, sir, every word of it!" says the editor, with a might slap upon my table that made inkstands dance. "More than that, sir; there's not a young scribbler in the land but believes a newspaper is got up especially for their personal and pecuniary benefit. They each and every one believe that they are the coming man, or woman, and are intensely dissatisfied when they find no admirers in the editorial chair. It don't destroy their admiration of themselves, however, Mr. Observer. They want to print, sir, and they want to be paid, sir, and they one and all believe, or profess to, that if their inanities could only find a way to daylight, that they would certainly create an excitement in the reading world, second only to Dickens."

We found the courage that induced us to think of offering a poem to our friend the editor was fast oozing out at our elbows.

Then again, with these incipitents, they always, without fail, believe that editorial rejections arise from prejudice. They look upon the editor as one seated in power, who has entered into a plot to keep down their transcendent genius. They forget that the editor is only as a shopkeeper, who buys or refuses the goods offered him, exactly as he thinks they may be marketable and suit his customers. Or possibly he may reject, even while recognizing the talent, for the simple reason that he is overstocked and cannot safely buy. Not but what judgment may be at fault and a bad thing sometimes printed, while a good one is suffered to go away. I have an instance of this to cite in the fact, that a certain large publishing house of this city, a few years since, rejected a book that was offered them, the publishing of which afterward went to Boston, and has, up to this time, made \$150,000 for the publisher."

This time we rolled up our eyes sensibly, and made rapid mental calculations on the profits of our poem, and determined to study up for the idea of a book that should clear \$150,000.

"Still, my dear Mr. Observer, the trouble doesn't lay all on the side of the editor. To the young writer struggling from obscurity, nothing is more galling than to know that he can do well and yet find no profitable outlet for his productions, while inferior hands are stretched to high places and reach success—with the editor, if not with the public. Another better thing is to find that he has touched the popular pulse, is read and copied over all the world where his language is spoken, and yet his name is unknown and his literary value not enhanced, because the publisher sees fit to print anonymously."

Once more our poem was at a discount.

"There is no position, sir," continued the editor, putting on his hat for a start, "that requires more acumen and diplomatic understanding in its intercourse with men than that of an editor."

We thought at that moment of the astute editor of a certain great literary weekly, who once told us that he was debarred by his position from association with literary men, and I asked my friend the editor's opinion about it.

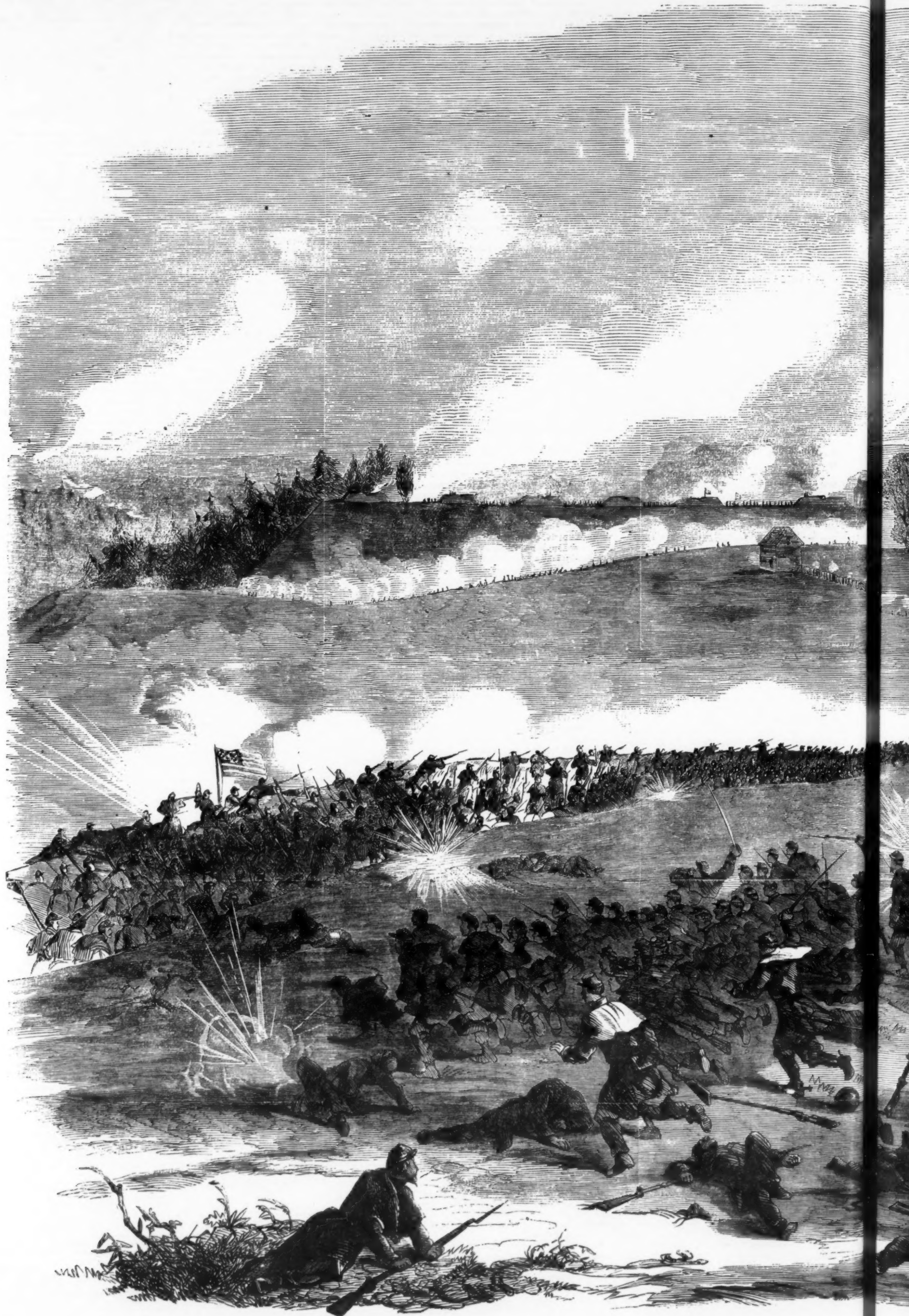
"The man was a nuncum, sir. It is as easy for an editor to steer his barque among literary craft as for a shopkeeper to please his customers. Let him disassociate his social from his business, and the thing is done. 'Speak to the King to-morrow,' is the rule."

And so we had been throwing away absolutely all the little attentions we had been lavishing on Mr. Editor, and our poem would be set on with the same coldness as though it came from Smith, Jones or Robinson. The idea was horrible! We couldn't help seizing our pen and making loud sketches on the paper, as though busily engaged. The editor took the hint, and was off at a tangent, while we debated—

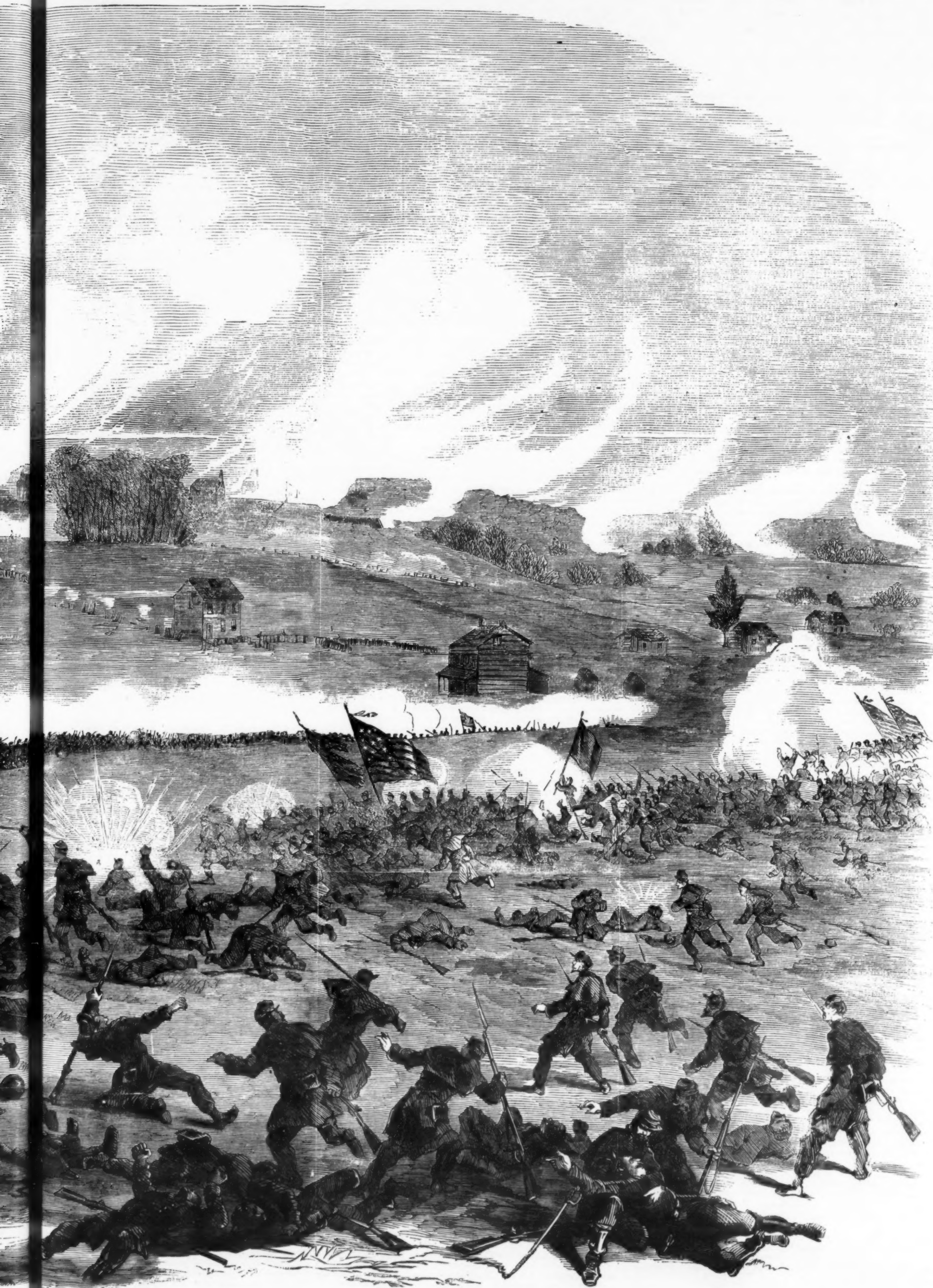
Will all this keep a single man, woman or precocious child from rushing pell-mell into the ditch of authorship, or teach them that the day has gone by when poets' eyes roll in a fine frenzy, or story writers jump, ready-made, from the nurse's arms to the pinnacles of greatness?

THE OBSERVER.

JOHN MACAULIFFE, of 41 Nassau street, who imports all his wines and liquors from the London docks, and respective distilleries, has laid in a special supply for the present season, which he invites his friends and all epicures to call and taste for themselves.



TERRIFIC CHARGE OF THE UNION TROOPS (SUMNER'S DIVISION), UPON THE REBEL FORTIFICATIONS, ON THE BATTLE OF FREEDOM



ON THE BATTLE OF FREDERICKSBURG, VA., SATURDAY, 3 O'CLOCK P. M., DECEMBER 13.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, HENRI LOVIN.

THE CAMP AT NIGHT.

BY LIEUT.-COL. G. DOUGLAS BREWERTON.

The night-wind is sighing o'er hilltop and tree,
The sunset gun echoes by forest and sea,
The white tents are flapping o'er comrades at rest,
And stars lie asleep on the broad river's breast.

The sentinel's bayonet gleams on each post,
As he keeps his lone watch o'er our slumbering host;
The camp fire flickers—the hoarse challenge sounds—
"Halt! give the countersign." "Friend or grand rounds."

But still through my slumbers how sadly I dream,
For my heart reads her fate in your murmuring stream,
Where the starlight is broken and dimmed by the wave,
That touched by the night-wind grows dark as the grave.

As swept from its surface the silver beams fly,
Like hues of the rainbow, they vanish and die,
Yet their image in Heaven shines perfect and bright,
Though faintly the waters reflect their pure light.

E'en thus does my spirit look upward to thee,
For the light that glows feebly reflected in me;
E'en thus in the shadow my soul sadly lies,
Till lit by the beam of your beautiful eyes.

Yet still as the pilgrim must turn to the shrine
Where smiles the sweet face of the Mother Divine;
E'en thus do I worship with homage sincere
The face I have hallowed, the heart I hold dear.

VERNER'S PRIDE.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF "EAST LYNNE."

CHAPTER XXXIV.—THE YEW-TREE ON THE LAWN.

THE rooms were lighted at Verner's Pride: the blaze from the chandeliers fell on gay faces and graceful forms. The dinner was over, its scene "a banquet hall deserted," and the guests were filling the drawing-rooms.

The centre of an admiring group, its chief attraction, sat Sibylla, her dress some shining material that glimmered in the light, and her hair confined with a band of diamonds. Inexpressibly beautiful by this light she undoubtedly was, but she would have been more charming had she less laid herself out for attraction. Lionel, Lord Garle, Decima, and young Bitterworth—he was generally called young Bitterworth, in contradistinction to his father, who was "old Bitterworth"—formed another group; Sir Rufus Hautley was talking to the Countess of Elmaley, and Lucy Tempest sat apart near the window.

Sir Rufus had just moved away from Lucy, and for the moment she was alone. She sat within the embrasure of the window, and was looking on the calm scene outside. How different from the garish scene within! See the pure moonlight, side by side with the most brilliant light we earthly inventors can produce, and contrast them! Pure and fair as the moonlight looked Lucy, her white robes falling softly round her, and her girlish face wearing a thoughtful expression. It was a remarkably light night: the terrace, the green slopes beyond it, and the clustering trees far away, all standing out clear and distinct in the moon's rays. Suddenly her eye rested on a particular spot: she possessed a very clear sight, and it appeared to detect something dark there, which dark something had not been there a few moments before.

Lucy strained her eyes, and shaded them, and gazed again. Presently she turned her head, and glanced at Lionel. An expression in her eyes seemed to call him, and he advanced.

"What is it, Lucy? We must have a set of gallant men here to-night, to leave you alone like this!"

The compliment fell unheeded on her ear. Compliments from him! Lionel only spoke to hide his real feelings.

"Look on the lawn, right before us," said Lucy to him, in a low tone. "Underneath the spreading yew tree. Do you not fancy the trunk looks remarkably dark and thick?"

"The trunk remarkably dark and thick!" echoed Lionel. "What do you mean, Lucy?" For he judged by her tone that she had some hidden meaning.

"I believe that some man is standing there. He must be watching us."

Lionel could not see it. His eyes had not been watching so long as Lucy's, consequently objects were less distinct.

"I think you must be mistaken, Lucy," he said. "No one would be at the trouble of standing there to watch us. It is too far off to see much, whatever may be their curiosity."

Lucy held her hands over her eyes, gazing attentively from beneath them.

"I feel convinced of it now," she presently said. "There is some one, and it looks like a man, standing behind the trunk, as if hiding himself. His head is pushed out on this side, certainly, as if he were watching these windows. I have seen the head move twice."

Lionel placed his hands in the same position, and took a long gaze.

"I do think you are right, Lucy!" he suddenly exclaimed. "I saw something move then. What business has any one to plant himself there?"

He stepped impulsively out as he spoke—the windows opened to the ground—crossed the terrace, descended the steps, and turned on the lawn to the left hand. A minute and he was up at the tree.

But he gained no satisfaction. The spreading tree, with its imposing trunk—which trunk was nearly as thick as a man's body—stood all solitary on the smooth grass, no living thing being near it. "We must have been mistaken, after all," thought Lionel.

Nevertheless, he stood under the tree, and cast his keen glances around. Nothing could he see; nothing but what ought to be there. The wide lawn, the sweet flowers closed to the night, the remoter parts where the trees were thick, all stood cold and still in the white moonlight. But of human disturber there was none.

Lionel went back again, plucking a white geranium blossom and a sprig of sweet verbena on his way. Lucy was sitting alone, as he had left her.

"It was a false alarm," he whispered. "Nothing's there but the tree."

"It was not a false alarm," she answered; "I saw him move away as you went on to the lawn. He drew back towards the thicket."

"Are you sure?" questioned Lionel, his tone betraying that he doubted whether she was not mistaken.

"Oh yes, I am sure," said Lucy. "Do you know what my old nurse used to tell me when I was a child?" she asked, lifting her face to his. "She said I had the Indian sight, because I could see so far and so distinctly. Some of the Indians have the gift greatly, you know. I am quite certain that I saw the object—and it looked

like the figure of a man—go swiftly away from the tree across the grass. I could not see him to the end of the lawn, but he must have gone into the plantation. I daresay he saw you coming towards him."

Lionel smiled. "I wish I had caught the spy. He should have answered to me for being there. Do you like verbena, Lucy?"

He laid the verbena and geranium on her lap, and she took them up mechanically.

"I do not like spies," she said, in a dreamy tone. "In India they have been known to watch the inmates of a house in the evening, and to bowstring one of those they were watching before the morning. You are laughing! Indeed, my nurse used to tell me tales of it."

"We have no spies in England—in that sense, Lucy. When I used the word spy, it was with no meaning attached to it. It is not impossible but it may be a sweetheart of one of the maid-servants, come up from Deerham for a rendezvous. Be under no apprehension."

At that moment the voice of his wife came ringing through the room.

"Mr. Verner!"

He turned to the call. Waiting to say another word to Lucy, as a thought struck him.

"You would prefer not to remain at the window, perhaps. Let me take you to a more sheltered seat."

"Oh no, thank you," she answered impulsively. "I like being at the window. It is not of myself that I was thinking." And Lionel moved away.

"Is it not true that the fountains at Versailles played expressly for me?" eagerly asked Sibylla, as he approached her. "Sir Rufus won't believe that they did. The first time we were in Paris, you know."

Sir Rufus Hautley was by her side then. He looked at Lionel.

"They never play for private individuals, Mr. Verner. At least, if they do, things have changed."

"My wife thought they did," returned Lionel, with a smile. "It was all the same."

"They did, Lionel; you know they did," vehemently asserted Sibylla. "De Coigny told me so; and he held authority in the Government."

"I know that De Coigny told you so, and that you believed him," answered Lionel, still smiling. "I did not believe him."

Sibylla turned her head away petulantly from her husband.

"You are saying it to annoy me. 'I'll never appeal to you again. Sir Rufus, they did play expressly for me.'"

"It may be bad taste, but I'd rather see the waterworks at St. Cloud than at Versailles," observed a Mr. Gordon, some acquaintance that they had picked up in town, and to whom it had been Sibylla's pleasure to give an invitation. "Cannonby wrote me word last week from Paris—"

"Who?" sharply interrupted Sibylla.

Mr. Gordon looked surprised. Her tone had betrayed something of eager alarm, not to say terror.

"Captain Cannonby, Mrs. Verner. A friend of mine just returned from Australia. Business took him to Paris as soon as he landed."

"Is he from the Melbourne port? Is his Christian name Lawrence?" she reiterated, breathlessly.

"Yes—to both questions," replied Mr. Gordon.

Sibylla shrieked, and lifted her handkerchief to her face. They gathered round her in consternation. One offering smelling-salts, one running for water. Lionel gently drew the handkerchief from her face. It was white as death.

"What ails you, my dear?" he whispered.

She seemed to recover her equanimity as suddenly as she had lost it, and the color began to come into her cheeks again.

"His name—Cannonby—puts me in mind of those unhappy days," she said, not in the low tone used by her husband, but aloud—speaking, in fact, to all around her. "I did not know Captain Cannonby had returned. When did he come, Mr. Gordon?"

"About eight or nine days ago."

"Has he made his fortune?"

Mr. Gordon laughed.

I fancy not. Cannonby was always of a roving nature. I expect he got tired of the Australian world before fortune had time to find him out."

Sibylla was soon deep in her flirtations again. It is not erroneous to call them so. But they were innocent flirtations—the result of vanity. Lionel moved away.

Another commotion. Some great, long-legged fellow, without ceremony or warning, came striding in at the window close to Lucy Tempest. Lucy's thoughts had been buried—it is hard to say where—and her eyes were strained to the large yew-tree upon the grass. The sudden entrance startled her, albeit she was not of a startlish temperament. With Indian bowstrings in the mind, and fancied moonlight spies before the sight, a scream was inevitable.

Who should it be but Jan! Jan, of course. What other guest would be likely to enter in that unceremonious fashion? Strictly speaking, Jan was not a guest—at least, not an invited guest.

"I had got a minute to spare this evening, so thought I'd come up and have a look at you," proclaimed unfashionable Jan to the room, but principally addressing Lionel and Sibylla.

And so Jan had come, and stood there without the least shame in drab trousers and a loose, airy coat, shaking hands with Sir Rufus, shaking hands with anybody who would shake hands with him. Sibylla looked daggers at Jan, and Lionel cross. Not from the same cause. Sibylla's displeasure was directed to Jan's style of evening costume; Lionel felt vexed with him for alarming Lucy. But Lionel never very long retained displeasure, and his sweet smile stole over his lips as he spoke.

"Jan, I shall be endorsing Lady Verner's request—that you come into a house like a Christian—if you are to startle ladies in this fashion."

"Whom did I startle?" asked Jan.

"You startled Lucy."

"Nonsense! Did I, Miss Lucy?"

"Yes, you did a little, Jan," she replied.

"What a stupid you must be!" retorted gallant Jan. "I should say you wanted doctoring, if your nerves are in that state. You take—"

"Oh, Jan, that will do," laughed Lucy. "I am sure I don't want medicine. You know how I dislike it."

They were standing together within the large window, Jan and Lionel, Lucy sitting close to them. She sat with her head a little bent, scenting her verbena.

"The truth is, Jan, I and Lucy have been watching some intruder who had taken up his station on the lawn, underneath the yew-tree," whispered Lionel. "I suppose Lucy thought he was bursting in upon us."

"Yes, I did really think he was," said Lucy, looking up with a smile.

"Who was it?" asked Jan.

"He did not give me the opportunity of ascertaining," replied Lionel. "I am not quite sure, mind, that I did see him; but Lucy is positive upon the point. I went to the tree, but he had disappeared. It is rather strange who it could be, and why he was watching."

"He was watching this room attentively," said Lucy, "and I saw him move away when Mr. Verner went on the lawn. I am sure he was a spy of some sort."

"I can tell you who it was," said Jan. "It was Roy."

"Roy!" repeated Lionel. "Why do you say this?"

"Well," said Jan, "as I turned in here I saw Roy cross the road to the opposite gate. I don't know where he could have sprung from, except from these grounds. That he was neither behind me nor before me as I came up the road, I can declare."

"Then it was Roy!" exclaimed Lionel. "He would have had about time to get into the road from the time we saw him under the tree. That the fellow is prying into my affairs and movements, I was made aware of to-day; but why he should watch my house I cannot imagine. We shall have an account to settle, Mr. Roy."

Decima came up, asking what private matter they were discussing, and Lionel and Lucy went over the ground again, acquainting her with what had been seen. They stood together in a group, conversing in an under tone. By-and-bye Mrs. Verner passed, moving from one part of the room to another, on the arm of Sir Rufus Hautley.

"Quite a family conclave!" she exclaimed, with a laugh. "Decima, however much you may wish for attention, it is scarcely fair to monopolize that of Mr. Verner in his own house. If he forgets that he has guests present, you should not help him in the forgetfulness."

"It would be well if all wished for attention as little as does Miss Verner," exclaimed Lord Garle. His voice rung out to the ends of the room, and a sudden stillness fell upon it; his words may have been taken as a covert reproach to Mrs. Verner. They were not meant as such. There was no living woman of whom Lord Garle thought so highly as he thought of Decima Verner; and he had spoken in his mind's impulse.

Sibylla believed he had purposely flung a shaft at her. And she flung one again—not at him, but at Decima. She was of a terribly jealous nature, and could bear any reproach to herself better than that another woman should be praised beside her.

"When young ladies find their charms have been laid out in vain, wasted on the desert air, they naturally do covet attention, although it be but a brother's. Poor Decima's growing into an old maid; of course she cannot help the neglect, and may be excuse for being sore upon the point."

Perhaps the first truly severe glance that Lionel Verner ever gave his wife he gave her then. Disdaining any defence of his sister, he stood, haughty, impassive, his lips drawn in, his eyes fixed sternly on Sibylla. Decima remained quiet under the insult, save that she flushed scarlet. Lord Garle did not. Lord Garle spoke up again, in the impetuosity of his open, honest nature.

"I can testify that Miss Verner might have ceased to be Miss Verner long ago, had she so willed it. You are mistaken in your premises, Mrs. Verner."

The tone was pointedly significant, the words were unmistakably clear, and the room could not but become enlightened to the fact that Miss Verner might have been Lady Garle. Sibylla laughed a little laugh of disbelief, as she went onwards with Sir Rufus Hautley; and Lionel remained enshrined in his terrible mortification. That his wife should so have forgotten herself!

"I must be going off," cried Jan, good-naturedly interrupting the unpleasant silence.

"You have not long come," said Lucy.

"I didn't leave word where I was coming, and somebody may be going dead while they are scouring the parish for me. Good-night to you all; good-night, Miss Lucy."

With a nod to the room, away went Jan as unceremoniously as he had come; and, not very long afterwards, the first carriage drew up. It was Lady Verner's. Lord Garle hastened to Decima, and Lionel took out Lucy Tempest.

"Will you think me very foolish if I say a word of warning to you?" asked Lucy, in a low tone, as they reached the terrace.

"A word of warning to me, Lucy!" Lionel repeated. "Of what nature?"

"That Roy is not a good man. He was greatly incensed at your putting him out of his place when you succeeded to Verner's Pride, and it is said that he cherishes vengeance. He may have been watching to-night for an opportunity to injure you. Take care of him."

Lionel smiled as he looked at her. Her upturned face looked pale and anxious in the moonlight. Lionel could not receive the fear at all; he would as soon have thought to dread the most improbable thing imaginable, as to dread this sort of violence, whether from Roy or from any one else.

"There's no fear whatever, Lucy."

"I know you will not see it for yourself, and that is the reason why I am presumptuous enough to suggest the idea to you. Pray be cautious! pray take care of yourself!"

He shook his head laughingly as he looked down upon her.

"Thank you heartily all the same for your consideration, Lucy," said he, and for the very life of him he could not help pressing her hand warmer than was needful as he placed her in the carriage.

They drove away. Lord Garle returned to the room; Lionel stood against one of the outer pillars, looking forth on the lovely moonlight scene. The part played by Roy—if it was Roy—in the night's doings disturbed him not; but that his wife had shown herself so entirely unlike a lady did disturb him. Bitterly did she stand out that night to his mind, in contrast to Lucy. He turned away, after some minutes, with an impatient movement, as if he would fain throw remembrance and vexation from him. Lionel had himself chosen his companion in life, and none knew better than he that he must abide by it; none could be more firmly resolved to do his duty by her in love. Sibylla was standing outside the window alone. Lionel approached her, and gently laid his hand upon her shoulder.

"Sibylla, what caused you to show agitation when Cannonby's name was mentioned?"

"I told you," answered Sibylla. "It is dreadful to be reminded of that miserable time. It was Cannonby, you know, who buried my husband."

And before Lionel could say any more, she had shaken his hand from her shoulder, and was back amidst her guests.

Jan had said somebody might be going dead while the parish was being scoured for him; and in point of fact, Jan found, on reaching home, that that undesirable consummation was not unlikely to occur. But we must leave Jan and make an evening call upon Mrs. Duff.

Mrs. Duff stood behind her counter sorting silks. Not rich piece silks that are made into gowns; Mrs. Duff's shop did not aspire to that luxurious class of goods; but humble skeins of mixed sewing silks, that were kept tied up in a piece of wash-leather. Mrs. Duff's head and a customer's head were brought together over the bundle endeavoring to fix upon a skein of a particular shade, by the help of the one gas-burner which flared away over head.

"Drat the silk!" said Mrs. Duff, at length. "One can't tell which is which, by candlelight. The green is as blue and the blue looks green. Look at them two skeins, Polly; which is the green?"

Miss Polly Dawson, a showy damsel, with black hair and a cherry-colored net at the back of it—one of the family that Roy was pleased to term the ill-doing Dawsons, took the two skeins in her hand.

"Blest if I can tell!" was her answer. "It's for doing up mother's green silk bonnet, so it won't do to take blue. You be more used to it nor me, Mrs. Duff."

"My eyes never was good for sorting silks by this light," responded Mrs. Duff. "I'll tell you what, Polly; you shall take 'em both. Your mother must take the responsibility of fixing on it herself, or let her keep 'em till the morning and fix on the right, then. She should have sent by daylight. You can bring back the one you don't use to-morrow; but mind you keep it clean."

"Wrap 'em up," curtly returned Miss Polly Dawson.

Mrs. Duff was proceeding to do so when some tall, thin form, bearing a large bundle, entered the shop in a fluster. It was Mrs. Peckaby. She sat herself down on the only stool the shop contained, and let the bundle slip to the floor.

Give a body leave to rest a bit, Mother Duff! I be turned a'most inside out."

"What's the matter?" asked Mrs. Duff, while Polly Dawson surveyed her with a stare.

"There's a white cow in the pound. I can't tell ye the turn it gave me, coming sudden upon it. I thought nothing less, at first glance, but it was the white quadruple."

"What! hasn't that there white donkey come yet?" demanded Polly Dawson; who, in conjunction with sundry others of her age and sex in the village, was not sparing of her free remarks to Mrs. Peckaby on the subject, thereby aggravating that lady considerably.

"You hold your tongue, Polly Dawson, and don't be brazen, if you can help it," rebuked Mrs. Peckaby. "I was so took aback for the minute, that I couldn't neither stir nor speak," she resumed, to Mrs. Duff. "But when I found it was nothing but a old strayed wretch of a poulded cow, I a'most dropped with the disappointment. So I thought I'd come back here and take a rest. Where's Dan?"

"Dan's out," answered Mrs. Duff.

"Is he? I thought he might have took this parcel down to Sykes's and saved me the sight o' that pound again and the deceiver in it. It's just my luck!"

"Dan's gone up to Verner's Pride," continued Mrs. Duff. "That fine French madmizel, as rules there, come down for some trifles this evening, and took him back with her to carry the parcel. It's time he was back, though, and more nor time. 'Twasn't bigger, neither, than a farthing bun, but 'twas too big for her! Isn't it a getting the season for you to think of a new gown, Mrs. Peckaby?" resumed Mother Duff, returning to business. "I have got some beautiful winter stuffs in."

"I hope the only new gown as I shall want till I gets to New Jerusalem is the purple one I've got prepared for it," replied Mrs. Peckaby. "I don't think the journey's far off. I had a dream last night as I saw a great crowd o' people dressed in white, a-coming out to meet me. I look upon it as it's a token that I shall soon be there."

"I wouldn't go out to that there New Jerusalem if ten white donkeys come to fetch me!" cried Polly Dawson, tossing her head with scorn. "It is a nice place, by all that I have heard! Them saints—"

A most appalling interruption. Snorting, moaning, sobbing, his breath coming in gasps, his hair standing up on end, his eyes starting, and his face ghastly, there burst in upon them Master Dan Duff. That he was in the very height of terror, there could be no mistaking. To add to the confusion, he flung his arms out as he came in, and his arms caught one of the side panes of glass in the bow window and shattered it, the pieces falling amongst the displayed wares. Dan leaped in, caught hold of his mother with a spasmodic howl, and fell down on some bundles in a corner of the small shop.

Mrs. Duff was dragged down with him. She soon extricated herself, and stared at the boy in very astonishment. However inclined to play tricks out-of-doors, Mr. Dan never ventured to do it in. Polly Dawson stared. Susan Peckaby, forgetting New Jerusalem for once, sprang off her stool and stared. But that his terror was genuine, and Mrs. Duff saw that it was, Dan had certainly been treated then to that bugbear of his domestic life—a "basting."

"What has took you now?" sharply demanded Mrs. Duff, partly in curiosity, partly in wrath.

"I see'd a dead man," responded Dan, and he forthwith fell into convulsions.

They shook him, they pulled him, they pinched him. One laid hold of his head, another of his feet; but, make nothing of him could they. The boy's face was white, his hands and arms were twitching, and froth was gathering on his lips. By this time the shop was full.

"Run across, one of you," cried the mother, turning her face to the crowd, "and see if you can find Mr. Jan Verner."

(To be continued.)

THE WIDOW'S REPLY TO HER SUITOR.

I PRAY thee cease, the power to love
Has past away; 'tis vain
To waste a single thought on one
Who cannot love again.
My heart bestowed its virgin gift,
As Heaven gives dew or rain;
Go, bid the withered rose rebloom
And be a bud again!

AURORA FLOYD.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—THE DISCOVERY OF THE WEAPON WITH WHICH JAMES CONYERS HAD BEEN SLAIN.

Mr. and Mrs. Mellish returned to the house in which they had been so happy; but it is not to be supposed that the pleasant country mansion could be again, all in a moment, the home that it had been before the advent of James Conyers the trainer, and the tragedy that had so abruptly concluded his brief service.

No; every pang that Aurora had felt, every agony that John had endured, had left a certain impress upon the scene in which it had been suffered. The subtle influences of association hung heavily about the familiar place. We are the slaves of such associations, and we are powerless to stand against their silent force. Scraps of color and patches of gilding upon the walls will bear upon them, as plainly as if they were covered with hieroglyphical inscriptions, the shadows of the thoughts of those who have looked upon them. Transient and chance effects of light or shade will recall the same effects, seen and observed—as Fagin observed the broken spike upon the guarded dock—in some horrible crisis of misery and despair. The commonest household goods and chattels will bear mute witness of your agonies; an easy chair will say to you, "It was upon me you cast yourself in that paroxysm of rage and grief;" the pattern of a dinner-service may recall to you that fatal day on which you pushed your food untasted from you, and turned your face, like grief-stricken King David, to the wall. The bed you lay upon, the curtains that sheltered you, the pattern of the paper on the walls, the common everyday sounds of the household, coming muffled and far away to that lonely room in which you hid yourself—all these bear record of your sorrow, and of that hideous double action of the mind which impresses these things most vividly upon you at the very time when it would seem they should be most indifferent.

But every sorrow, every pang of wounded love, or doubt, or jealousy,

or despair, is a fact—a fact once, and a fact for ever; to be outlived, but very rarely to be forgotten—leaving such an impress upon our lives as no future joy can wear out. The murder has been done and the hands are red. The sorrow has been suffered, and however beautiful happiness may be to us, she can never be the bright virginal creature she once was; for she has passed through the valley of the shadow of death, and we have discovered that she is not immortal.

It is not to be expected, then, that John Mellish and his wife Aurora could feel quite the same in the pretty chambers of the Yorkshire mansion as they had felt before the first shipwreck of their happiness. They had been saved from peril and destruction, and landed, by the mercy of Providence, high and dry upon a shore that seemed to promise them pleasure and security henceforth. But the memory of the tempest was yet new to them; and upon the sands that were so smooth to-day they had seen yesterday the breakers beating with furious menace, and hurrying onward to destroy them.

The funeral of the trainer had not yet taken place, and it was scarcely a pleasant thing for Mr. Mellish to remember that the body of the murdered man still lay, stark and awful, in the oak coffin that stood upon trestles in the rustic chamber at the north lodge.

"I'll pull that place down, Lolly," John said, as he turned away from an open window, through which he could see the gothic chimneys of the trainer's late habitation glimmering redly above the trees.

"I'll pull the place down, my pet. The gates are never used, except by the stableboys; I'll knock them down, and the lodge too, and build some loose boxes for the brood-mares with the materials. And we'll go away to the south of France, darling, and run across to Italy, if you like, and forget all about this horrid business."

"The funeral will take place to-morrow, John, will it not?" Aurora asked.

"To-morrow, dear!—to-morrow is Wednesday, you know. It was upon Thursday night that—"

"Yes, yes," she answered, interrupting him. "I know; I remember."

She shuddered as she spoke, remembering the ghastly circumstances of the night to which he alluded; remembering how the dead man had stood before her, strong in health and vitality, and had insolently defied her hatred. Away from Mellish Park, she had only remembered that the burden of her life had been removed from her, and that she was free. But here—here upon the scene of the hideous story—she recollected the manner of her release; and that memory oppressed her even more terribly than her old secret, her only sorrow.

She had never seen or known in this man, who had been murdered, one redeeming quality, one generous thought. She had known him as a liar, a schemer, a low and paltry swindler, a selfish spendthrift, extravagant to wantonness upon himself, but meaner than words could tell towards others, a profligate, a traitor, a glutton, a drunkard. This is what she found behind her schoolgirl's fancy for a handsome face, for violet-tinted eyes, and soft-brown curling hair. Do not call her hard, then, if sorrow had no part in the shuddering horror she felt as she conjured up the image of him in his death-hour, and saw the glazing eyes turned angrily upon her. She was little more than twenty, and it had been her fate always to take the wrong step, always to be misled by the vague fingerposts upon life's high road, and to choose the longest, and crookedest, and hardest ways towards the goal she sought to reach.

Had she, upon the discovery of the first husband's infidelity, called the law to her aid—she was rich enough to command its utmost help, though Sir Cresswell Cresswell did not then keep the turnpike upon such a royal road to divorce as he does now—she might have freed herself from the hateful chains so foolishly linked together, and might have defied this dead man to torment or assail her.

But she had chosen to follow the counsel of expediency, and it had led her upon the crooked way through which I have striven to follow her. I feel that there is much need of apology for her. Her own hands had sown the dragon's teeth, from whose evil seed had sprung up armed men, strong enough to rend and devour her. But, then, if she had been faultless, she could not have been the heroine of this story; for I think some wise man of old remarked, that the perfect women were those who left no histories behind them, but went through life upon such a tranquil course of quiet well-doing as left no footprints on the sands of time; only mute records hidden here and there, deep in the grateful hearts of those who had been blest by them.

The presence of the dead man within the boundary of Mellish Park made itself felt throughout the household, that had once been such a jovial one. The excitement of the catastrophe had passed away, and only the dull gloom remained—a sense of oppression not to be cast aside. It was felt in the servants' hall as well as in Aurora's luxurious apartments. It was felt by the butler as well as by the master. No worse deed of violence than the slaughter of an unhappy stag, who had rushed for a last refuge to the Mellish flower-garden, and had been run down by the furious hounds upon the velvet lawn, had ever before been done within the boundary of the young squire's home. The house was an old one, and had stood, gray and ivy-shrouded, through the perilous days of civil war. There were secret passages, in which loyal squires of Mellish had hidden from ferocious Roundheads bent upon riot and plunder. There were broad hearthstones, upon which sturdy blows had been given and exchanged by strong men in leathern jerkins and clumsy iron-heeled boots; but the Royalist Mellish had always ultimately escaped—up a chimney, or down a cellar, or behind a curtain of tapestry; and the wicked Praise-the-Lord Thompsons and Smither-of-the-Philistines Joneses had departed, after plundering the plate-chest and emptying the wine-barrel. There had never before been set upon the place in which John Mellish had first seen the light the red hand of Murder.

It was not strange, then, that the servants sat long over their meals, and talked in solemn whispers of the events of the past week. There was more than the murder to talk about. There was the flight of Mrs. Mellish from beneath her husband's roof upon the very day of the inquest. It was all very well for John to give out that his wife had gone up to town upon a visit to her cousin, Mrs. Bulstrode. Such ladies as Mrs. Mellish do not go upon visits without escort, without a word of notice, without the poorest pretence of bag and baggage. No; the mistress of Mellish Park had fled away from her home under the influence of some sudden panic. Had not Mrs. Powell said as much, or hinted as much? for when did that ladylike creature ever vulgarise her opinions by stating them plainly? The matter was obvious. Mr. Mellish had taken, no doubt, the wisest course; he had pursued his wife and brought her back, and had done his best to hush up the matter. But Aurora's departure had been a flight—a sudden and unpremeditated flight.

The lady's-maid—ah, how many handsome dresses, given to her by a generous mistress, lay neatly folded in the girl's boxes on the second storey!—told how Aurora had come to her room, pale and wild-looking, and had dressed herself, unassisted, for that hurried journey upon the day of the inquest. The girl liked her mistress—loved her perhaps; for Aurora had a wondrous and almost dangerous faculty of winning the love of those that came near her. But it was so pleasant to have something to say about this all-absorbing topic, and to be able to make oneself a feature in the solemn converse. At first they had talked only of the murdered man, speculating upon his life and history, and building up a dozen theoretical views of the murder. But the tide had turned now, and they talked of their mistress, not connecting her in any positive or openly-expressed

manner with the murder, but commenting upon the strangeness of her conduct, and dwelling much upon these singular coincidences by which she had happened to be roaming in the park upon the night of the catastrophe, and to run away from her home upon the day of the inquest.

"It was odd, you know," the cook said: "and them black-eyed women are generally regular spirtsy ones. I shouldn't like to offend Master John's wife. Do you remember how she paid into 't' Softy?"

"But there was naught o' sort between her and the trainer, was there?" asked some one.

"I don't know about that. But Softy said she hated him like poison, and that there was no love lost between 'em."

But why should Aurora have hated the dead man? The ensign's widow had left the sting of her venom behind her, and had suggested to these servants, by hints and insinuations, something so far more base and hideous than the truth, that I will not sully these pages by recording it. But Mrs. Powell had of course done this foul thlag without the utterance of one ugly word that could have told against her gentility, had it been repeated aloud in a crowded drawing-room. She had only shrugged her shoulders, and lifted her straw-colored eyebrows, and sighed half-regretfully, half-deprecatingly; but she had blasted the character of the woman she hated as shamefully as if she had uttered a libel too gross for Holywell street. She had done a wrong that could only be undone by the exhibition of the blood-stained certificate in John's keeping, and the revelation of the whole story connected with the fatal scrap of paper. She had done this before packing her boxes; and she had gone away from the house that had sheltered her, well pleased at having done this wrong, and comforting herself yet further by the intention of doing more mischief through the medium of the penny post.

It is not to be supposed that the Manchester paper, which had caused so serious a discussion in the humble parlor of the Crooked Rabbit, had been overlooked in the servants' hall at Mellish. The Manchester journals were regularly forwarded to the young squire from that metropolis of cottonspinning and horseracing, and the mysterious letter in the *Guardian* had been read and commented upon. Every creature in that household, from the fat housekeeper, who had kept the keys of the storeroom through nearly three generations, to the rheumatic trainer Langley, had a certain interest in the awful question. A nervous footman turned pale as that passage was read which declared that the murder had been committed by some member of the household; but I think there were some younger and more adventurous spirits, especially a pretty housemaid, who had seen the thrilling drama of "Susan Hopley" performed at the Doncaster theatre, at the spring meeting, who would have rather liked to be accused of the crime, and to emerge spotless and triumphant from the judicial ordeal, through the evidence of an idiot, or a magpie, or a ghost, or some other witness common and popular in criminal courts.

Did Aurora know anything of all this? No; she only knew that a dull and heavy sense of oppression in her own breast made the very summer atmosphere floating in at the open windows seem stifling and poisonous; that the house, which had once been so dear to her, was as painfully and perpetually haunted by the ghastly presence of the murdered man, as if the dead trainer had stalked palpably about the corridors wrapped in a bloodstained winding-sheet.

She dined with her husband alone in the great dining-room. Many people had called during the two days that Mr. and Mrs. Mellish had been absent; amongst others, the rector, Mr. Lofthouse and the coroner, Mr. Hayward.

"Lofthouse and Hayward will guess why we went away," John thought, as he tossed the cards over in the basket; "they will guess that I have taken the proper steps to make my marriage legal, and to make my darling quite my own."

They were very silent at dinner, for the presence of the servants seated their lips upon the topic that was uppermost in their minds. John looked anxiously at his wife every now and then, for he saw that her face had grown paler since her arrival at Mellish; but he waited until they were alone before he spoke.

"My darling," he said, as the door closed behind the butler and his subordinate, "I am sure you are ill. This business has been too much for you."

"It is the air of this house that seems to oppress me, John," answered Aurora. "I had forgotten all about this dreadful business while I was away. Now that I come back and find that the time which has been so long to me—so long in misery and anxiety, and so long in joy, my own dear love, through you—is in reality only a few days, and that the murdered man still lies near us, I—I shall be better when—when the funeral is over, John."

"My poor darling, I was a fool to bring you back. I should never have done so but for Talbot's advice. He urged me so strongly to come back directly. He said that if there should be any disturbance about the murder, we ought to be upon the spot."

"Disturbance! What disturbance?" cried Aurora.

Her face blanched as she spoke and her heart sank within her. What further disturbance could there be? Was the ghastly business as yet unfinished, then? She knew—alas, only too well—that there could be no investigation of this matter which would not bring her name before the world linked with the name of the dead man. How much she had endured in order to keep that shameful secret from the world! How much she had sacrificed in the hope of saving her father from humiliation! And now, at the last, when she had thought that the dark chapter of her life was finished, the hateful page blotted out—now, at the very last, there was a probability of some new disturbance which would bring her name and her history into every newspaper in England.

"Oh, John, John!" she cried, bursting into a passion of hysterical sobs, and covering her face with her clasped hands; "am I never to hear the last of this? Am I never, never, never to be released from the consequences of my miserable folly?"

The butler entered the room as she said this; she rose hurriedly and walked to one of the windows, in order to conceal her face from the man.

"I beg your pardon, sir," the old servant said; "but they've found something in the park, and I thought perhaps you would like to know—"

"They've found something? What?" exclaimed John, utterly bewildered between his agitation at the sight of his wife's grief and his endeavor to understand the man.

"A pistol, sir. One of the stable lads found it just now. He went to the wood with another boy to look at the place where—the man was shot; and he's brought back a pistol he found there. It was close against the water, but hid away among the weeds and rushes. Whoever threw it there, thought, no doubt, to throw it in the pond; but Jim, that's one of the boys, fancied he saw something glitter, and sure enough it was the band of a pistol; and I think it must be the one that the trainer was shot with, Mr. John."

"A pistol!" cried Mr. Mellish; "let me see it."

The servant handed him the weapon. It was small enough for a toy, but none the less deadly in a skilful hand. It was a French man's fancy, deftly carried out by some cunning gunsmith, and enriched by elaborate inlaid work of purple steel and tarnished silver. It was rusty, from exposure to rain and dew; but Mr. Mellish knew the pistol well, for it was his own.

It was his own; one of his pet playthings; and it had been kept in the room which was only entered by privileged persons—the room in which his wife had busied herself upon the day of the murder with the rearrangement of his guns.

(To be continued.)



GEN. GEORGE D. BAYARD, KILLED AT FREDERICKSBURG.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ANTHONY.

GEN. GEO. D. BAYARD.

AMONG the many thousands of gallant soldiers who fell in the massacre of Fredericksburg was that *preux chevalier* of our cavalry, Gen. G. D. Bayard. In our paper, No. 375, we gave a spirited sketch of that brilliant trio, Bayard, Pleasanton and Percy Wyndham, little dreaming how soon we should have to chronicle the death of the youngest of them.

George D. Bayard was born in 1835, and was a native of New York. In 1852 he was appointed a cadet to the West Point Military Academy, and graduated on the 30th June, 1856. The next day he was made 2d Lieut. of the 1st U. S. Cavalry. On the 20th August, 1861, he was promoted to a Captaincy in the 4th U. S. Cavalry, and allowed to

take command of the 1st Pennsylvania cavalry. In the General Order, 63, dated Washington, June 10, 1862, he was announced a Brigadier-General of volunteers commanding cavalry.

In a skirmish with the Indians three years ago, he was wounded in the face by a poisoned arrow, from the effects of which he never recovered, and sometimes his sufferings were very great. He expressed, last winter, in a conversation with a female friend, his wish to die in battle, and so escape the nervous tortures resulting from the wound. Although the youngest General in our service, he had performed many brilliant exploits, and his death is a great calamity to the army. He was mortally wounded by a shell on Saturday noon, Dec. 13, while he was conversing with Gen. Franklin, and died that evening, after directing three letters, one



GEN. A. P. HILL, COMMANDING A DIVISION OF THE REBEL ARMY AT FREDERICKSBURG.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ANTHONY.

GEN. AMBROSE POWELL HILL.

THIS daring soldier, who has the misfortune to be in arms against his country, was born in Virginia, in 1824, and entered West Point in 1842. He was breveted 2d Lieutenant on the 1st of July, 1847. In September, 1851, he was made 1st Lieutenant. At the commencement of the rebellion he was made a Colonel in the Confederate army, and soon afterwards a Brigadier-General. He has been engaged in almost every one of the Virginia bat-

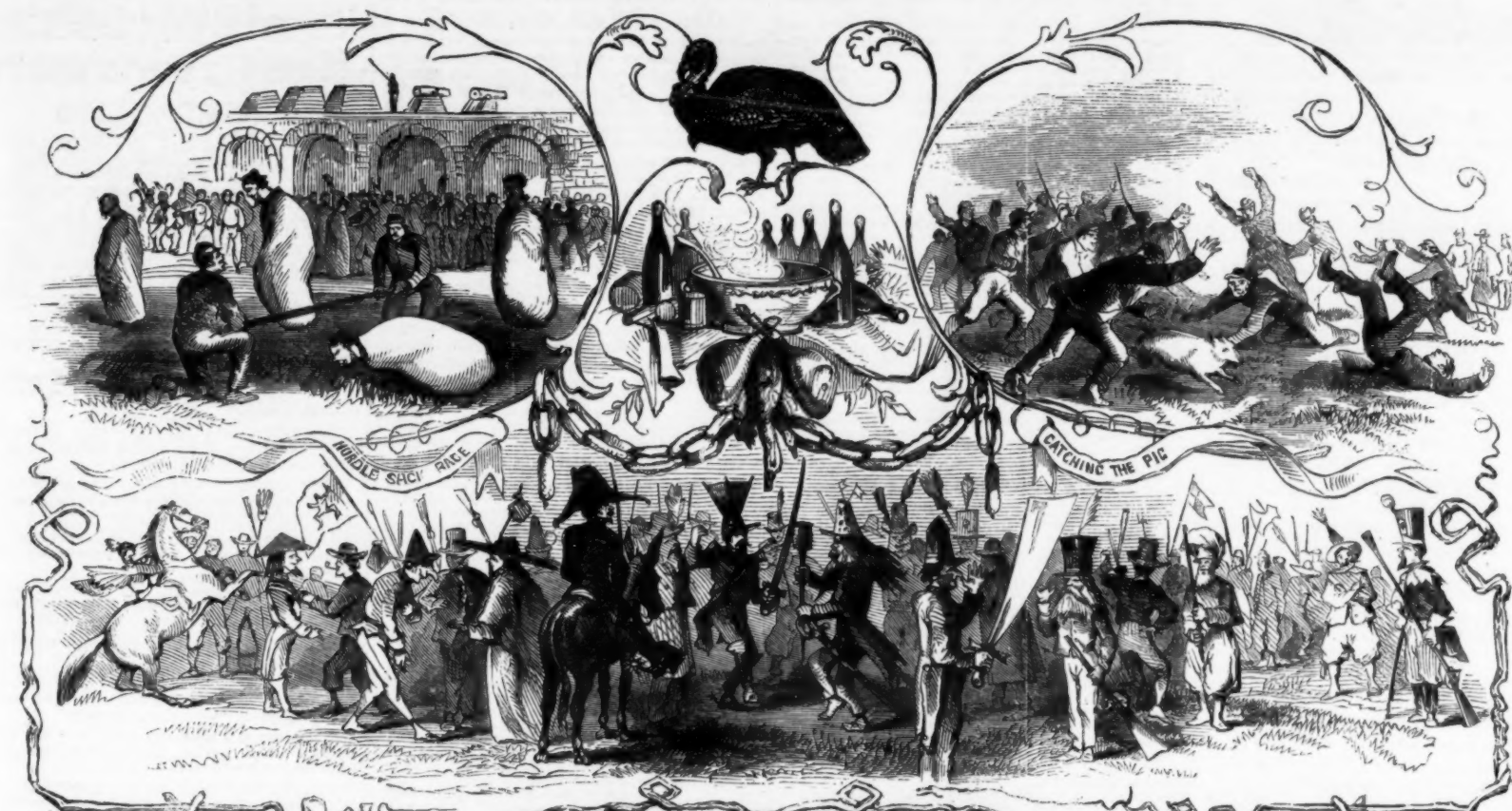
ties, and commanded the right wing of the rebel army at Antietam, and which was opposed to Gen. Burnside. He now commands the same division at Fredericksburg, under Gen. Lee.

"WELL, Pat, my good fellow," said a victorious General to a brave son of Erin after a bloody battle, "and what did you do to help gain the victory?" "Do!" replied Pat, "may it please your honor, I walked boldly to wun of the inimy and cut off his fut!" "Cut off his foot! and why did you not cut off his head?" asked the General. "Ah, an' faith that was off already," said Pat.

The gentleman who kissed a lady's "snowy brow," caught a severe cold, and has been laid up ever since.



THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC RECROSSING THE RAPPAHANNOCK, FROM FREDERICKSBURG TO FALMOUTH, ON THE NIGHT OF MONDAY, DECEMBER 15.—FROM A SKETCH BY AN OFFICER.—SEE PAGE 225.

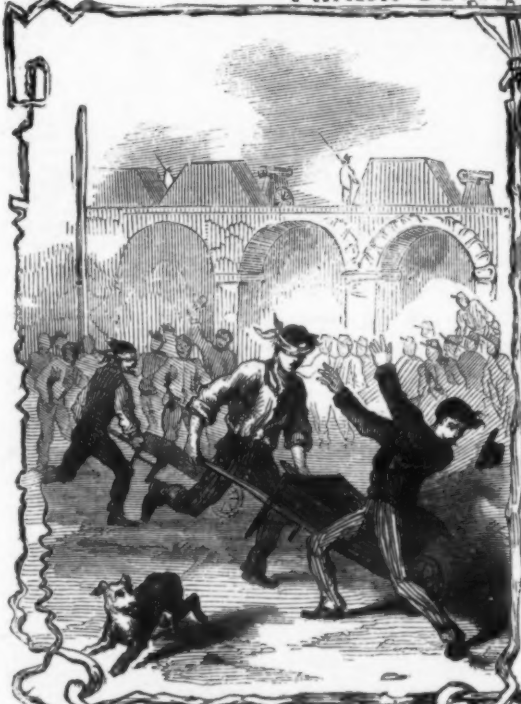


BURLESQUE DRESS PARADE



THANKSGIVING BALL.

INTERIOR OF A CASEMATE.



WHEELBARROW RACE.



MEAL FEAT

FOR NIGGERS.



CLIMBING THE GREASED POLE.

GIVE ME DRINK.

THERE'S my money; give me drink!
Fire to feed my hungry blood,
Drown my slightest wish to think:
Give me drink!

Drench me in the burning flood,
Until life and soul are numb,
Until every pulse is dumb,
Give me drink!

There's my clothing, there's my food;
Strip my limbs and leave them bare,
What care I how people stare:
Give me drink!

They know not the fearful thirst
Of what they call the cup accursed—
The cup in which my brain's immersed:
Give me drink!

There's my children, give me drink!
Make me drunken in my heart;
I would sever every link,
Ere my cup and I should part,
Give me drink!

There is no repentance here,
Unhallowed by a woman's tear,
Unflavored with a wise man's sneer,
Their notice makes the draught more dear.
Give me drink!

There's my health and peace of mind,
I will give it all to thee,
I will throw my life behind,
I will crouch upon my knee:
Give me drink!

There's my wife—my wedded wife!—
Once I loved her as my life:
What is wife and life to me?
Give me drink!

Here's my standing as a man:
Give me drink!

Here's my Christian's love and hope:
Give me drink!

Can I bear the social ban?
I can do what others can:
I can crawl, and steal, and kill,
So the draught be at my will—
Give me drink!

Here's my faith in all mankind:
Give me drink!

I scatter it upon the wind—
Give me drink!

And here—oh, here's my faith in God;
I will not bend and kiss the rod,
I'll trample Heaven iron-shod:
Give me drink!

Make me drunken in my brain,
I will give thee wealth and fame,
Make me drunken in my heart,
I will give thee spotless name:
Give me drink!

Make me drunken night and day;
I will give my soul away,
God, and peace, and child, and wife,
Love, and faith, and hope, and life!
Give me drink!

Dec. 10, 1862. J. W. W.

THANKSGIVING DAY AT FORT PULASKI, GEORGIA.

WHILE the loyal citizens of the North were eating their turkeys, our gallant soldiers in the South were also celebrating their Thanksgiving. We illustrate the amusements indulged in at Fort Pulaski, premising, however, that in South Carolina, where our flag waved, the day was observed by special orders of Gen. Saxton. Divine services were held in all the churches in Beaufort, and Gen. Saxton visited the camps to see that the soldiers were properly supplied. The grand attraction of the day, however, was the *fête* given by the officers of the 48th N. Y. V., Col. Barton, and Company G, 3d Rhode Island Regiment. As a curiosity, we give the programme:

DIVINE SERVICE at 9. The entertainments to commence with target practice. Three competitors from each Company. Distance 200 yards.

ROWING MATCH—Distance one mile around a stake-boat and return.

FOOT RACE—Three times round Terreplein, and over 12 hurdles three feet high.

HURDLE SACK RACE—100 yards and return; over three hurdles 50 yards apart and 18 inches high.

WHEELBARROW RACE—Competitors blindfolded, trundling a wheelbarrow once across Terreplein.

MEAL FEAT—Exclusively for Contrabands; hands tied behind the back, and to seize with the teeth a \$5 gold piece dropped in a tub of meal. Six competitors, to be allowed five minutes each to accomplish the feat.

GREASED POLE—Pole to be 15 feet high.

GREASED PIG—To be seized and held by the tail. Three competitors from each Company. Prize—pig.

BURLESQUE DRESS PARADE—Each Company will be allowed to enter an equal number of competitors for each prize.

We copy from that spicy little paper, *The New South*, published at Port Royal, by Postmaster Sears, a lively account of the affair:

The games inside the fort commenced with the foot race, which was watched with great interest and the fortunate victors rewarded with the several prizes and enthusiastic applause. Next in order came the hurdle sack race, which created intense merriment. Half-a-dozen competitors were tied in sacks with nothing but the head visible, and with their pedal extremities thus trammelled, they were required to run a race and jump over two hurdles. The absurd method of locomotion and the utter helplessness of those who were so unfortunate as to lose their balance and tumble over, elicited shouts of laughter.

The wheelbarrow race also resulted in very laughable blunders. The competitors for the prize were all blindfolded and placed directly in a line with a certain point, the one coming nearest to the goal being the victor. The fun of the affair consisted in their vision at every imaginary angle from a straight line, soberly trotting along with the barrows, under the pleasing impression that they were making straight for the goal—of course the man that was farthest away was greeted with shouts of derisive ap-

plause, and incited to further efforts by assurances of victory.

The meal feat was perhaps the most ludicrous feature of the whole. The hands of the negroes competing for the prize were tied behind them and they were required to take a five dollar gold piece from a tub of meal with the mouth. The ludicrous appearance of the contraband's head, when it emerged from the meal tub, can be more easily imagined than described. They were very earnest in their search, and it was amusing to see the anxious looks of those standing by, lest the one with his head buried in the meal should be successful and they cheated of their turn. The third one succeeded in obtaining the prize, and was so elated with his success that he was led into a satirical manifestation of the exuberance of his joy, and he capered round the tub of meal in real George Christy style.

The Burlesque Dress Parade, which was got up entirely by the private and carried out exceedingly well, was a good termination to the comic features of the programme. The uniforms were grotesque in the extreme, while the orders and manoeuvres of the battalion were both original and ridiculous. The occasion was taken advantage of by the men to make some good-natured hits at the officers in the general order, which, notwithstanding their local character, seemed to be caught and appreciated by all. The games went off with *clat*, and afforded a great deal of amusement.

A bountiful lunch was provided and partaken of by all during their progress. Gens. Brannan and Terry both left early in the evening, and with them many officers and several ladies, still there were many left who incoherently expressed a determination to see it out and "not go home till morning, till daylight did appear."

We have to thank Col. Barton, 48th N. Y. V. (Commander of Fort Pulaski), and the officers of that splendid regiment, as well as Capt. Gould, of R. I. Artillery, for many courtesies to our Artist, who well observes, "A true soldier is ever a gentleman."

RISTORI, TITIENS AND MR. ULLMAN.

To the Editor of Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper:

So many different reasons have been assigned for the non-arrival, this season, of Madame Ristori and Mlle Titien, that I appeal to your kindness for space to define my position with regard to these celebrities.

Certain artists occupy a rank in the art-world so exceptionally high, and their professional income in Europe is so large that no American manager can possibly engage them at a fixed salary, as he may artists of ordinary talent. The only way to induce them to come to this country is to give them an estimate of the probable financial results of the enterprise, to allow them a large proportion of the receipts, and to insure them a minimum of profits. In this way I succeeded in bringing to this country Madame Sontag, Piccolomini and Mr. Thalberg.

Contracts on this basis were signed by me with Madame Ristori in June, 1861, and with Mlle Titien, also, last May. The stipulated cash advances and securities for the fulfilment of my part of these agreements have been regularly furnished by me. Besides, all arrangements were completed, when the disturbed state of the country, and the high premium on gold and exchange, made it obligatory on me, at the earnest request of Madame Ristori and Mlle Titien, to transfer my contracts with them until a more propitious state of things in this country. The annexed documents are ample evidence of this fact:

Supplementary Contract between MADAME RISTORI and MR. ULLMAN.

L'état de la guerre dans les Etats Unis rendant très périlleuse l'exécution du présent contrat, il a été convenu de commun accord ce qui suit:

1. Le dit contrat est transporté avec toutes ses clauses et conditions y compris les changements, qui y ont été opérés à Bruxelles le 30 Mars, 1862, à l'année prochaine, 1863.
2. Les deux parties déclarent de nouveau de confirmer et respecter le dit contrat dans tous les autres articles et dans toute sa force et valeur.

Cesena, 30 Août, 1862.

Approuvée l'écriture, MAURO CORTICELLI.

Approuvée l'écriture, B. ULLMAN.

Approuvée en ce qui me concerne, ADELAIDE RISTORI, Marquise del Grillo.

Supplementary Contract between Mlle TITIENS and MR. ULLMAN.

In view of the present disturbed state of the United States, it has been mutually agreed upon between the undersigned, that should B. Ullman, on his arrival in New York, find that the political and financial circumstances of the country be likely to interfere with the expected success of their joint enterprise, he has the right to transfer the carrying out of the contract signed between them in London, the 10th of May, 1862, to 1863, or any other year that may be mutually agreed upon.

Gloucester, Sept. 10, 1862. B. ULLMAN.

I trust that I have now disposed of one rumor—namely, that I have no contracts either with Madame Ristori or with Mlle Titien; and of another, also, that I did not, or could not, furnish the requisite securities. To those who insinuate that I showed a want of courage in not carrying out my contracts for this season, I would say, that although I had the legal right to enforce them, I could not betray the confidence placed in me by subjecting these two ladies, and with them about 40 artists, comprising their entire families, to the risks of an enterprise carried on under unfavorable circumstances, when, by remaining in Europe for the present, they could there realize about half a million of francs each, without half the labor and fatigue which they necessarily would have to undergo in this country.

I am, dear sir, your obedient servant, B. ULLMAN.

ALL ON HOBBIES.—One of the most amusing novelties of the season is the Catering Horse, invented by the celebrated engineer, Mackenzie, and sold by Mr. Stephen W. Smith, 498 Broadway. These horses seem, as near as possible, to go themselves, and very rapidly. Nothing can be more healthful for out-door exercise.

THE MOST BEWILDERING AND FASCINATING PLACE to visit during these holiday times is Tiffany & Co.'s splendid jewellery store in Broadway. Everything tasteful, rich, costly and *recherché* in all descriptions of jewellery, from the diamond *parure* to the inexpensive brooch, can be found there in endless variety. Those who intend to spend thousands, and those who purpose to disburse a few dollars can be satisfied there, the only difficulty being to decide among such a museum of art beauties, which to refrain from purchasing. A visit, for curiosity alone, is a delightful though dangerous pleasure, but we advise our friends to go there and take the risk.

THE REAL NAME OF MADAME GEORGES SAND is well known, is Dudevant. The reason and mode of the change from Dudevant to Sand is thus explained: "It was during her first pairing off, after she had left her husband's roof with Jules Sandeau. They were hiding at Montmartre, working for their daily bread. For better concealment the fair fugitive had adopted male attire, and it was agreed that the name to be given to the police for register in the furnished lodgings they had taken was to be abridged to Sand. Thus they passed for two brothers, Jules and Georges Sand. Time has respected the cognomen, and rendered it the one most suggestive of literary *faux* now to be found in Europe."

WEEKLY GOSSIP—MUSIC, DRAMA, ETC.

WE felt assured that the recent season at the Academy of Music would encourage Mr. Grau to arrange for another and probably a longer operatic season; our belief has been verified. Mr. Grau announces that he will recommence immediately after New Year, and will give such a varied series of entertainments, that success will follow as a matter of course. Operatic matters under his control seem to flow on as smoothly as any other business; a fact which we have not been able to record for several years past. We can only account for this on the supposition that he is a better business man than his predecessors, and that he will not incur heavier risks than an average success will enable him to meet. A better proof of his business tact could not be given in evidence.

Miss Burnette gave a very pleasant concert at Irving Hall, last week. She is a very clever pianist and a neat composer. She has a clear and brilliant touch and considerable execution. She made a marked impression upon her audience. It will be remembered that she played with Gottschalk in his last concert and sustained him admirably.

The grand complimentary birthday concert given to the child pianist, Teresa Carreño, at the Academy of Music, was a most brilliant affair. The beautiful and talented little girl received a perfect ovation, and surely no one ever deserved it more entirely. The world has produced but few parallel cases of such precocious genius, and we cannot do too much honor to a mortal child so bountifully endowed by nature. Her wonderful powers have led many to believe that she is older than claimed to be, but authentic documentary evidence proves that on the 23d day of this December she is eight years old, only. It is a fact, hard to believe and wonderful to talk about, but it is a fact, nevertheless, and true talk, though wonderful.

Our readers must remember that the Oratorio of the "Messiah" will be given by the Sacred Harmonic Society, under the direction of George W. Morgan, at Irving Hall, on Christmas night, Dec. 25. It will be a fine performance, and should be largely patronized.

The second Philharmonic Concert of the season at Irving Hall on Saturday evening last was well attended. The bitter cold without made the genial warmth within truly acceptable. Gode's First Symphony is a work abounding in exquisite beauties, the andante and scherzo being particularly worthy of admiration. It was finely played, delicately, pointedly, and in a just and appreciative spirit. The director and the orchestra were a unit. But the work which best displayed the perfect accord between the director and the orchestra was the fanciful and in many respects beautiful composition by Franz Listz, the *Symphonic Poetic Tasso*. No orchestra less under the control of one mind could have brought order and beauty out of a work so replete with complicated musical difficulties. It was certainly a triumph of thorough discipline, and to Mr. Eilsfeld the crowning merit is due. His promptitude, decision, and his intelligent, nay poetic reading, of a work which in the hands of an ordinary man would sound little better than sheer nonsense, stamp him as eminently fitted for the position he has long so honorably filled.

Mr. Centemori sang Eilsfeld's concert scene with care and judgment, but his voice has scarcely weight enough to contend with the elaborate orchestration. Rodolf's grand voice sustained its vocal supremacy in this piece, which he originally sang, so that the somewhat over instrumentation, masterly as it is, was not clearly apparent, but with a less magnificent organ than his, the fault stands clearly out. The composition is of high merit.

Mr. Pattison performed Mendelssohn's beautiful capriccio in B. minor for piano in a very masterly manner. His touch is brilliant, strong and delicate, his execution is rapid and his certainty is unerring. He is a tasteful and intelligent artist, and his performance on this occasion justly confers upon him a position among our first solo performers. It gratifies us to be able to speak in terms of unequivocal praise of one so modest and so talented.

At the theatres there was no novelty during the past week, but the attendance at every place was very large. The audiences were the holiday folks in earnest, the young element, as is usual at these times. Wallace continues to run the fine comedies; Laura Keane presents the fairy spectacle, "Blondette," every night; Barney Williams and his wife, in their rich Irish and quaint Yankee pieces, crowd the Winter Garden nightly; Whateley, at Niblo's, presents this week the great spectacle of "Faust and Marguerite;" while Barnum's Museum is overflowing with novelties and attractions of the most startling and interesting character. Seekers after amusements have a varied and brilliant selection to choose from.

HARD ON NEGLEY.—The Kentucky Commonwealth tells the following story of a joke played off by a Secessionist, a short time since, upon Gen. Negley. A whiskey-drinking, facetious joker resided in the town of Goolettsville, a strong Secesh hole, in which there never was but one Union man, and he died. Well, this wag wagged a gallon of whiskey that he could go into Nashville, and go all over the city, notwithstanding the strictness of Gen. Negley's order; further, that he would see Negley personally, and talk with him. The bet was taken, and this fellow, whose name is Paul, and well-known in Nashville as a violent Secessionist, the next day took a flag of truce, rode into the city, saw crowds of his friends, rode up to headquarters of Gen. Negley and demanded the surrender of the city, stating that he was Assistant Adjutant Paul, and that there was an immense quantity of troops ready to enforce the demand. Gen. Negley refused to entertain the thought of a surrender, and Paul returned to Goolettsville, having won his bet.

THE REBELS AND UNION GENERALS.—Gen. Rosecrans is chary of giving passes. A lady lately approached him, and began with a pitiful story in regard to her "poor, dear, sick uncle."

"I condole with you, madam," said the Gen., in that quiet way of his. "It is unfortunate that uncles will sometimes get seriously indisposed. I, too, have a dear, afflicted uncle."

"Then you can sympathize with me," she said. "Yes, madam, I do, and when my Uncle Sam gets over his present serious indisposition, I will give you a pass."

It would of course be an anti-climax which would ruin the story to tell what the lady did.

COTTON & HAIR.—The paragraphs in the newspapers about the high prices of cotton set one of our Boston hotelkeepers thinking, the other day, that he had 75 or 80 cotton-stuffed mattresses, purchased some time ago, because they were cheaper than hair ones, and that instead of depreciating in value from use, they must have increased, from the scarcity of the material of which they were composed.

No sooner had the thought occurred to him than he inquired the price of cotton per pound.

"Fifty-eight to sixty-one cents,"

"And the price of hair for mattresses?"

"Forty to forty-two."

His mind was made up, the old cotton mattresses were ripped open, their treasures drawn forth, and the smart hotel proprietor had the satisfaction of changing his 80 old cotton mattresses for 80 new ones, without costing a penny. Indeed he had little something left over, besides the blessings of his guests for the unlooked-for improvement of their couches.

A NEW paper to be called the *Courier* is contemplated in New Orleans. Its projectors promise to "tan the hides of all traitors without mercy." Their paper ought to be called *The Turner and Carrier*.

It is a paradox that loose habits generally stick tighter to a fellow than any other kind.

SCRAPS OF HUMOR.

"THE greatest novelist in America" is said to be engaged on the following sensation stories for a popular journal:

The Testaceous Fiend, or the Clandigger's Shroud.
The Poisoned Pup, or the Pale Pointer of the Pyrenees.
Off-Ox, or the Tough Steak of Toulouse.
Obstinacy, or the Man of Pig-Iron-Will.
Stuffed Stuffins, or the Uncut Throat.
Death in the Pot, or the Burnt Coffee-Grinder.
Mangel-Wurtzel, or the Pious Washerwoman.
Pseudo-Schnappa, or the Soda-Drinker's Fate.
The Armless Victim, or the Enamoured Sleeve.

A CONGRESSIONAL candidate was thus interrupted by an inebriate: "My friends," said he, "I am proud to see around me to-night the happy re-creation of the land, for I love the agricultural interests of the country; and well may I love them, my fellow-citizens, for I was born a farmer—the happiest days of my youth were spent in the peaceful avocations of a son of the soil. If I may be allowed to use a figurative expression, my friends, I may say I was raised between two rows of corn." "A pumpkin, by thunder!" exclaimed the inebriated Joe.

THE editor of a paper in Indiana wants to know if Western whiskey was ever seen "coming through the rye."

TOMPKINS says the difference between a successful lover and his rival is that one kisses his miss, and the other misses his kiss.

THE difference between a man of blunt sincerity and a carpenter is, that one is a plain-dealer and the other a deal-planer.

A COUNTRY newspaper says, "On Wednesday we shall issue a second edition, but no first edition."

ALL the women of the villages on the shores of the Gulf of Mexico are in the habit of swimming. The young ladies are all diving belles.

SILVER is never a drug except when used as the coating of pills.

ALWAYS punctuate what you write; it would be a pity to let the thing go on without any stop at all.

HE who said that the half is often better than the whole might have added that none at all is often better than the half.

LEAVES THAT ARE LEAST BECOMING TO A WARRIOR'S BROW.—Leaves of absence.

AN advertisement of cheap shoes and fancy articles, in a country paper, has the following *note bene*: "Ladies wishing those cheap shoes will do well to call soon, as they will not last long."

AN agricultural paper says "that there is great art in making a good cheese." Yes, a fine fresh cheese is an admirable production of art, and a very old one is often a rare specimen of "animated nature."

"How well he plays for one so young," said Mrs. Partington, as the organ-boy performed with the monkey near the door; "and how much his little brother looks like him, to-be-sure!"

THE GENERAL, THE SERGEANT, THE FLAG.—Doddsworth, the enterprising publisher, has just issued a spirit-stirring song, with the above title, dedicated to Mrs. Gen. McClellan, by Stephen Massett, illustrative of a very touching incident connected with the departure of Gen. McClellan from the seat of war. The words are by Mr. C. B. Bagster, and graphically describe the scene.

COL. G. T. BREWERTON'S AUTOMATON REGIMENT.—The "Automaton Regiment; or, Infantry Soldier's Practical Instructor," is a simple but withal complete combination of blocks and counters, only 32 in number, yet so arranged and colored that the student of tactics can discover at a glance the exact position of every officer, non-commissioned officer and man in a full regiment, together with the proper place in line of battle of each. It must prove invaluable to the soldier who desires to perfect himself. It has already received the unqualified commendation of some of our most distinguished West Point graduates. Col. Brewerton has united in these inventions his large experience as an officer with his knowledge as a professional artist, to produce an elucidator of tactical science, as yet unsurpassed either in this country or abroad. They can be procured, neatly put up in paper boxes, through the mail, by remitting to the publishers.

THE FEEGEE ISLANDS.—The Fiji or Feegee Islands, having attracted the cupidity of the British Government, an expedition was lately sent out under Col. Smythe, R.A., to see whether they were worth stealing. The report of the Commission was favorable as to the value of the islands as fertile, healthy, and convenient stopping-places for the traffic to Australia, by way of Panama. The Fiji group owe their origin to a volcanic uprising and the growth of corals. The islands are unusually hilly, and present an unbroken mass of trees on the southern side, while the northern slopes are grassy and watered by streams descending from the central highlands; a great variety of vegetation is found in the islands; its predominant appearance is tropical. The islands are singularly exempt from malignant fevers. Their fertility may be estimated from the fact that, though but partially and imperfectly cultivated, they support a population of 20,000, supply provisions for foreign vessels, and yield an immense export of coco-nut oil. Sugar, coffee, tamarinds and tobacco are cultivated with success, so are four oil-yielding and five starch-yielding plants, four spices, twelve edible roots, thirty-six edible fruits, and a vast number of medicinal, fibrous, scent-yielding and ornamental plants, besides a long list of first-class timber trees. It was the abundance of sandal wood that first attracted Europeans to their shores. They promise an excellent field for the best qualities of cotton, which has already been raised with remarkable success. The British Government will probably take them.

HOW TOM FLINN WAS ACQUIRED.—A Kentucky advocate is defending his client, who is charged with stealing a hank of yarn:

"Gentlemen of the jury, do you think my client, Thomas Flinn, of Muddy Creek and Mississippi, would be guilty o' stealin' a hank o' cotton yarn? Gentlemen of the jury, I rec on not—I s'pose not. Hy no means, gentlemen—not at all. He is not guilty. Tom Flinn? Good heavens, gentlemen, you all know Tom Flinn, and—on honor now, gentlemen—do you think he'd do it? No, gentlemen, I s'pose not—I reckon not. Thomas Flinn? Why, great snakes and alligators! Tom's a whole team on Muddy Creek and a boss to let. And do you think he'd sneak off with a miserable hank o' cotton yarn? Well, gentlemen, I reckon not—I s'pose not. When the wolves was a howling, gentlemen, on the mountains o' Kentucky, and Napoleon wuz a fighting the battles o' Europe—do you think my client, Thomas Flinn, gentlemen, could be guilty a hookin'—yes, hookin', gentlemen—that pitiful, low, mean hank o' cotton yarn? O'posible! Gentlemen, I reckon not—I s'pose not. Tom Flinn? Gentlemen, I reckon I know my client, Thomas Flinn! He's got the fastest nag and the purest sister, gentlemen, in all Muddy Creek and Mississippi! That, gentlemen, are a fact. Yes, gentlemen, that are a fact. You kin bet on that, gentlemen. Yes, gentlemen, you can bet your bones on that! Now, pon honor, gentlemen, do you think he are guilty? Gentlemen, I reckon not—I s'pose not. Why, gentlemen of the jury, my client Thomas Flinn am no more guilty a' stealin' that are hank o' cotton yarn than a load are got a tsi!—yes, a tsi, gentlemen!"

Verdict for the defendant.

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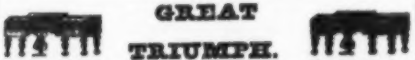
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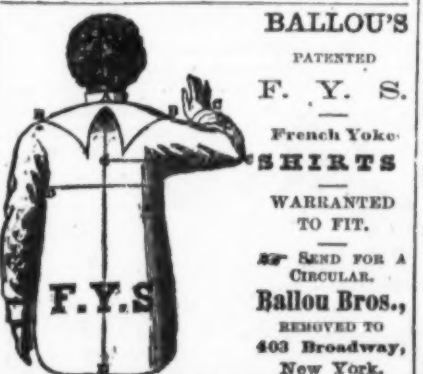


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